

PRIMITIVE
BAPTIST
HYMNAL

A. L. Dublin: Agent:
"Primitive Baptist Hymnal."
Price 75.¢.

1237-013

THE
PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMNAL.

A
CHOICE COLLECTION

OF
HYMNS AND TUNES

OF
EARLY AND LATE COMPOSITION.

COMPILED BY
M. J. SEARS AND T. B. AUSMUS.



Praise God in His sanctuary.—Ps. 150. 1.
Sing with the spirit and with the understanding
also.—1 Cor. 14. 15.



ST. LOUIS:
JOHN T. SMITH & CO.,
Printers and Publishers, 919 Olive Street.
1881.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE		HYMN
INTRODUCTION.....	iii—iv	BAPTISM.....	194—216
Hymns upon following subjects:		COMMUNION.....	217—235
	HYMN	ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.....	236—244
CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.....	1—16	ORDINATION OF A DEACON.....	245—249
THE WORD OF GOD.....	17—26	PARTING HYMNS.....	250—258
SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.....	27—61	CLOSING HYMNS.....	259—274
COMMUNION WITH GOD.....	62—70	PILGRIMAGE.....	275—283
CHRIST OUR HOPE.....	71—91	CONFLICT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.....	284—337
CHRIST OUR SALVATION.....	92—94	PRAYER MEETINGS.....	338—361
EXALT THE LORD.....	95—113	THE LOVE OF GOD.....	362—371
HOLY SPIRIT AND HIS INFLUENCES ..	114—117	FUNERAL HYMNS.....	372—406
BEFORE SERMON.....	118—140	HEAVEN AND HOME.....	407—424
AFTER SERMON.....	141—146	SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.....	425—439
THE SABBATH.....	147—156	PROMISCUOUS HYMNS.....	440—502
RESURRECTION OF THE LORD.....	157—161	INDEXES.	
CHURCH MEETINGS.....	162—185	INDEX OF NAMES.....	Page 204—205
INVITATION HYMNS.....	186—193	METRIC INDEX OF TUNES.....	“ 206
		INDEX OF FIRST LINES.....	“ 207—211

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our
Lord, 1879, by

M. J. SEARS AND T. B. AUSMUS,

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

INTRODUCTION.

GREATLY distrusting our competency, and yet, as we humbly think, in the fear of God and love to His cause and kingdom, we send forth to the favorable consideration and acceptance of our Churches and the public generally, "*THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMNAL.*"

In compiling this book, our design has been to supply a want long felt amongst us, and to encourage the love and practice of Sacred Music in our Churches and the social circle which has, of late years, been greatly neglected.

Throughout our labors, which have been attended with great anxiety of spirit and pecuniary expense, our constant and prayerful aim has been to select only such hymns as comport with sound doctrine and tend to encourage the spirit of devotion; to bring hymns and tunes together in such manner as to secure an appropriate adaptation of song to sentiment; and to produce a work in every respect equal to the demands of our Churches, and, as a whole, inferior to none of the kind ever before published in this country. How far success in our endeavors may justly be claimed is submitted to the decision of an intelligent and unbiased Christian denomination.

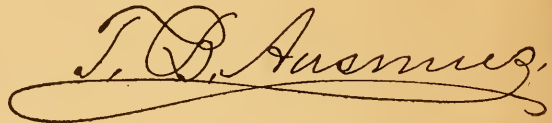
At the same time, we do not pretend that the Hymnal is free from imperfection. Where the tastes of different persons are so various, it is impossible to bring into convenient compass every hymn and tune which might be desired; and some of our friends may regret the absence of their favorite songs and notes. Yet we do claim to have preserved many standard compositions, rescued from threatened oblivion many old hymns and tunes which stirred the souls of our fathers, and, at great expense, added a number of the best of late composition

And would not for anything change or mutilate those time-honored favorites, thus hushing the voice of the aged, in whose memories these almost inspirations are fixed.

And now in sending forth this renewal of the Hymnal 'tis merely an humble response to the voice of loved ones, coming from many states, from the mountain of the Lord's house, where the children meet.

O, 'tis to thee, our Lord, we look,
With tears and trembling hands,
That love attend this little book
On this and every land.

Come sisters, brethren all around,
And friends of every name,
Let voice and viol's tones resound
To praise the bleeding Lamb.



CAMP POINT, ILL.

"Devotion borrows music's tone,
And music takes devotions wing,
And like the bird that hailed the sun,
They soar to Heaven and soaring sing."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This book can be had by application to

PRISCILLA AUSMUS,
Box 166, CAMP POINT, ILL.

Per Copy ----- \$0.75
" Dozen ----- 8.40

THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMNAL.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. Be - fore Je - - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy:

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. L. M. Ps. 100. WATTS.</p> <p>1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.</p> <p>2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again</p> <p>3 We are 'his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?</p> <p>4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful
songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.</p> | <p>2. L. M. WATTS.</p> <p>1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
Oh! 'tis beyond a creature's mind
To glance a thought half way to God.</p> <p>2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.</p> <p>3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet,
Substantial beams of gloomy night.</p> <p>4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur lies,
Yet we adore and yet we love.</p> |
|--|--|

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Je - ho - vah reig - as; his throne is high; His robes are light and maj - es - ty;

His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.

3. L. M. Psalm 99. 1.

- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face;
And truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom
shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, since God is mine.

4. L. M. Being.—Heb. 11. 6. STEELE

- 1 **T**HERE is a God!—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth and air, and seas, & skies;
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him and adore,

5. L. M. WATTS' LYRICS.
God supreme and self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels
teach:
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can
reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the
spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

CEPHAS. L. M. D.

L. MASON.

1. { The spacious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky, }
And spangled heavens, a shining frame, [OMIT] Their great O -

rig-i-nal pro-claim; Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's power dis-

play; And pub-lish-es to ev-ery land The work of an al-might-y hand.

6. L. M. D. Psalm 19.

ADDISON.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail, ~
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,

Forever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

7. L. M. 1 John 1. 5. ANON.

- 1 **O** GOD, the Light of all that live,
Unmoved, who dost all motion sway;
The times and seasons who dost give,
And thro' its changes guide the day!
- 2 At eventide let there be light;
So may our souls no sunset see,
And death to us the portal bright
To an eternal morning be.

8. L. M. DOXOLOGY. WATTS.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

MEAR. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS. From the Welsh.

I. Great God! how in - fin - ite art thou, What worth-less worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

9.

C. M.

Exo. 15. 11.

WATTS.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are
drawn
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

10.

C. M.

Psalm 90.

WATTS.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.

1. Let oth - ers boast how strong they be, Nor death nor dan - ger fear;
 But we'll con - fess, O Lord, to thee, What fee - ble things we are.

11. C. M. *1 Peter 1. 24.* WATTS.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay:
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone:
 Strange! that a harp of thousand
 Should keep in tune so long. [strings,
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that built us first;
 Salvation to th' Almighty name
 That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our
 Our Maker we'll adore; [tongues,
 His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

12. C. M. *Spring.* STEELE,

- 1 **W**HILE verdant hill and blooming
 Put on their fresh array, [vale
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove!

13. C. M. *Jno. 13. 7.* COWPER.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his works in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

BALERMA. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Thy way, O God! is in the sea; Thy paths I can - not trace;
Nor com - pre - hend the mys - te - ry Of thy un - bound - ed grace.

14. C. M. 1. Cor. 13. 9. FAWCETT.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
My captive soul surround:
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wand'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee.
Or of the joys above?
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love and praise.

15. C. M. WATTS' LYRICS. *Divine Sovereignty.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she
The honors of her God. [sings]
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 Life, death, and hell, and worlds un-
Hang on his firm decree; [known,
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

4. His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5. My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

16. C. M. Psalm 115. 1. CENNIC'

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun
And carried on in heaven.
- 2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy blissful throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

THE WORD OF GOD.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in - spi-ra - tion giv - en! Bright as a lamp its
doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav-en, To guide our souls to heaven.

17. C. M. *Psalm 119. 105.* WATTS.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps around.

- 2 Their joys shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and Salvation gives;
Israel, thy king forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

18. C. M. *Luke 12. 32.* DODDRIDGE.

- 1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowland,
His staff is your defence;
'Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's
voice.
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

20. C. M. *Psalm 119.* WATTS.

- 1 OH! how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

19. C. M. *Psalm 89. 15.* WATTS.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and
The gospel's joyful sound; [know

LOUVAN. L. M.

By Per. V. C. TAYLOR.

1. The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev' - ry star thy good-ness shines;

But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

21. L. M.

Psalm 19.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy goodness shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has
run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great sun of righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

22. L. M.

Psalm 36. 9.

KELLY.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply,
It points me to the saints' abode,
Where Christ the Saviour reigns on
high.
- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern,
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear,
To mansions that will ne'er decay,
My Lord! O when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away.

23. L. M. *The Penitent Suppliant.*

- 1 **B**EHOOLD, a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.
- 2 Do not the humble suit deny
Of such a guilty wretch as I:
But let me feed on crumbs though small,
Which from thy children's table fall.
- 3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own:
By sin and guilt I am undone;
Yet I would wait, and plead, and pray.
Since none are empty sent away.

THE WORD OF GOD.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

ANON.

1. The law commands and makes us know, What du-ties to our Lord we owe;

But 'tis the gos-pel must re-veal, Where lies our strength to do his will.

24. L. M. *Rom. 7.* WATTS.

- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have
Only the gospel can express, [been;
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw,
Thy life and comfort from the law!
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

25. L. M. *The Gospel a Joyful Sound. — Ps. 89. 15.* COLE.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord who reignst above,
And draw me with the cords of love!
And while the gospel does abound,
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"
- 2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race;
It spreads a heavenly light around:
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"
- 3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole;

In him are peace and pardon found;
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"

- 4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief,
Releases those by Satan bound:
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"

26. L. M. *Beginning at Jerusalem.—Luke 24. 47.* COLE.

- 1 PROCLAIM my gospel, saith the
Lord,
Ye preachers of my sacred word;
Let every nation hear the theme,
Beginning at Jerusalem.
- 2 Go; let the chief of sinners know
That I have blessings to bestow;
Proclaim salvation in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem.
- 3 Where I was treated with disdain,
Where I was crucified and slain,
There shall my gospel gain esteem,
Beginning at Jerusalem.
- 4 My pardoning love proclaim abroad,
And show the virtue of my blood;
Till time shall end, proclaim my grace
To every land in every place.

SOCIAL BAND. L. M.

1. Say now, ye love-ly so-cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, would you now re - turn a - gain?
And shall the world, with dread a-larms, Com - pel you now to ground your arms?

Have you just ven-tured to the field, Well arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield?
Da Capo.

27. L. M. Double.

- 2 Beware of pleasure's siren song;
Alas! it cannot soothe you long:
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
O let your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

28. L. M. *Psalm 6. 17.* WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God,
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace:
Eternal power confirms the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise,

- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up:
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

29. L. M. *James 2. 18.*

- 1 **I**N vain, men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, in all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his work to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"
- 4 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

By Per. W. B. BRADBURY.

30. L. M. John 1. 29. C. ELLIOTT.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
For in thy promise I believe; [lieve;
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

— THE INVITATION. —

- 1 JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or fitness for the heavenly place,—
O, guilty sinner, come! O come!
- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O, wretched sinner, come! O come!

- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O, needy sinner, come! O come!
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O, trembling sinner, come! O come!
- 5 The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come,] Thy Saviour bids thee come! O come!

31. L. M. Psalm 29. WATTS.

- 1 SWEET is the work my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks,
and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine;
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

12

32. C. M. *Tune*—TAPPAN, opp. page.
Election.

- 1 **E**LECTION is a truth divine,
As absolute, as free; [mine,
Works ne'er can make the blessing
" 'Tis God's own wise decree."
- 2 Before Jehovah built the skies
Or earth, or seas, or sun;
He chose a people for his praise,
And gave them to his Son.
- 3 Eternal was the choice of God,
A Sov'reign act indeed;

- And Jesus, the incarnate word,
Secures the chosen seed.
- 4 A world of endless bliss and day,
"Hang on his firm decree;"
Nor can a sinner justly say,
He ought to favor me.
- 5 Blush mortals, blush, if blush you can,
Who call his ways unjust;
And you who love his sovereign name,
Of sovereign favors boast.

I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s. (For 8s, 7s & 4s. repeat the whole.) Arr. by T. B. A.
With energy.

1. Sons we are, thro' God's e - lec - tion, Who in Je - sus Christ be - lieve;
Our Re - deem - er, Our Re - deem - er Does both grace and glo - ry give!

By e - ter - nal des - ti - na - tion, Sav - ing grace we here re - ceive:
Our Re - deem - er, Our Re - deem - er, Does both grace and glo - ry give!

33. *8s, 7s & 4s.*
The comfortable Consideration of Election.

- 2 Every soul of man, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain:
But thy love, without beginning,
Formed and fixed salvation's plan:
Countless millions
Shall in life, thro' Jesus, reign!
- 3 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me!"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, Eternal Love, to thee!

- 4 These are springs of consolation
To converted sons of grace:
Finished, free, and full salvation
Shining in the Saviour's face!
Free grace only
Suits the wretched sinner's case!
- 5 When in that blest habitation
Which my God for me ordained;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound thro' Canaan's land!

TAPPAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Christ and his cross is all our theme, The myst'ries that we speak, Are scandal
in the Jew's es - teem, Are scandal in the Jew's esteem, And fol-ly to the Greek.

34. C. M. *1 Cor. 1. 23.* WATTS.

- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name,
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

35. C. M. *Col. 1. 23.* WATTS.

- 1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power and truth, and boundless
Display their glories here. [love.
- 2 Here in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God!
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter
And more exalts our joys. [rays,

36. C. M. *Deut. 33. 25.* WATTS.

- 1 OUR God! how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace,
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad com-
Since Christ and we are one? [plaints,
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

37. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
While there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord. [known,

NORTH FIELD. C. M.

1. Not all the out-ward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given, Nor
will of man, nor blood nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven, Can raise a soul to heaven.

38. C. M. *John 1. 13.* WATTS.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death:
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

39. C. M. *1. Cor. 1. 26.* WATTS.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace!
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

- 4 Nature hath all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

40. C. M. *John 3. 7.* HOSKINS.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear all ye sons of men:
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart a sink of sin,
Without a change we can't be saved;
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 [That which is born of flesh, is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith.
"Ye must be born again."]
- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord in every heart
That we are born again.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

Arr. by T. B. A.

1. Je - sus hath suf - fered once for sin, And now ex - alt - ed reigns: Ye
sin - ners saved, his praise be - gin, In sweet, har - mo - nious strains.

41. C. M. *Jesus, the Sinner's Surety, punished and Insolvent Debtors made Free.* KENT.
- 2 No claims can law or justice crave
From Jesus' mystic bride;
Full payment to the law he gave,
When for her sins he died.
 - 3 When Justice smote the Shepherd's
The captive flock were free; [head,
Beloved, when in transgression dead,
Great God, and far from thee.
 - 4 Here, lost in thought, the seraphs gaze,
The wond'rous scene to scan;
What heights and depths of sovereign
In wisdom's glorious plan. [grace
42. C. M. *Justification by Faith.* WATTS.
- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
 - 2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
 3. In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
43. C. M. *1. Cor. 6. 9-11.*
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.
 - 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall ob-
The kingdom of our God. [tain
 - 2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin!
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.
 - 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.
 - 4 O for a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.
44. C. M.
- TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

45. C. M. *Tune*—MEAR, p. 4. PRESBY. SEL.
The Law Fulfilled by Christ.

- 1 **H**OW long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.
- 2 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.
- 3 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

46. *Tune*—TAPPAN, p. 13.
C. M. *Christ the Door.*

- 1 **C**HRISt is the way to heavenly bliss,
And Christ the only door;
My soul, pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.
- 2 'Tis through this door, and this alone,
That thou art led to God;
Rest then on what thy Lord has done
And plead his precious blood.
- 3 This door will lead thee safe to heaven,
And give thee entrance in,
And God will own thy sins forgiven,
However vile they've been.

47. C. M. *Tune*—MEAR, p. 4. KENT.
Everlasting Love.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the sacred throne of God,
I saw a river rise, [ing blood,
The streams were peace, and pardon—
Descending from the skies.
- 2 Angelic minds cannot explore
This deep unfathom'd sea;
'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,
And lost in Deity.
- 3 I stood amazed, and wonder'd when
Or why this Ocean rose,
That wafts salvation down to men,
His traitors and his foes.
- 4 That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,
Was free to take away
A Mary's or Manasseh's stains,
Or sins more vile than they:

- 5 Free to the sinner dead to God,
Who sought the road to hell,
That trampled on a Saviour's blood,
And on his buckler fell.
- 6 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,
Shall not divide the throne;
For man's a fallen sinner still,
And Christ shall reign alone.

Tune—MERIBAH, p. 165.

48. C. P. M. *John 3. 3.* OCKUM.

- 1 **A**WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish
slain
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
But guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
I sank in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
'Now by his grace is born again,'
And sings redeeming love.

TRANSPORT. L. M.

1. This life's a dream, an emp-ty show, But the bright world to' which I go,
 Hath joys sub - stan-tial and sin-cere; When shall I wake and find me there?

49. L. M.

- 2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasure of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
 And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise,

50. L. M. *The Triumph of Faith.* WATTS.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God that justifies their souls,
 And mercy like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
 And the salvation to fulfill,
 Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
 Forever interceding there;
 Who shall divide us from his love,
 Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness?

He that hath loved us bears us through,
 And makes us more than conq' rors too.

- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
 It triumphs in the dying hour.
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

51. L. M. *Titus 2. 10. 13.* WATTS.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess,
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God,
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
 Our inward piety approve. [love,

KENTUCKY. S. M.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear!
 Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

52. S. M. Eph. 2. 5. DODDRIDGE.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps *that* grace display
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
 In God's eternal book:
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
 Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet,
 To tread the heav'nly road;
 And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow:
 'Twas grace that kept me to this day
 And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone.
 And well deserves the praise.

53. S. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION'S form is vain,
 While we deny its power;
 What will the hypocrite obtain
 In death's tremendous hour?

- 2 Now he may credit gain,
 And in affluence roll;
 But all his profit will be pain,
 When God shall take his soul.
- 3 Then, O what dread surprise,
 What horror and dismay,
 When death shall open wide his eyes,
 And tear his mask away!
- 4 Lord, search and know my heart,
 And make my soul sincere;
 And bid hypocrisy depart,
 And keep my conscience clear.

54. S. M. HART.

- 1 **I** AM, saith Christ, the way;
 Now, if we credit him,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How far soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith Christ, the truth;
 Then all that lacks this test,
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I am, saith Christ, the life;
 Let this be seen by faith:
 It follows, without farther strife,
 That all besides is death.

BRIDGETOWN. S. M.

Arranged by T. B. A.

1. Like sheep we went a - - stray, And broke the fold of God,

Each wand' - ring in a diff' - rent way, But all the down - ward road.

55. S. M. *Isa. 53. 6. 12.* WATTS.

- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head.
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath
Were tak'n quite away;
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honors long,"

- 2 To loathe myself in dust,
Because in sin I stray,
And hunger long and sorely thirst,
For grace my will to sway.
- 3 Tears of contrition, too,
From both my eyes should flow;
Lord, at thy footstool may I lie,
Completely humbled low!
- 4 Though nothing but thy grace,
Which first did change my heart,
Can safely keep me in that place—
Lord, still that grace impart.

57. S. M. WATTS.

56. S. M. *Mourning for Sin.* JAYNES.

- 1 SWEET joy with grief is mixed,
When I can mourn for sin;
O may my soul be ever fixed
In such an humble frame.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
My soul to Jesus flies.
- 2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. No more, my God, I boast no more, Of all the du-ties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held be-fore, To trust the mer-its of thy Son.

58. L. M. *Phil. 3. 7.* WATTS.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has
[done.

59. L. M. *Gal. 2. 16.* SWAIN.
Justification.

1 SINNERS, away from Sinai fly;
To Calvary's bloody scene repair;
Behold the King of Glory die,
And read your peace & pardon there.

2 Search into every open wound; [spear;
Trace the sharp scourge, the nail, the
And full salvation will be found
In golden letters written there.

3 No works of man to raise the sum,
Or pay the ransom, must be brought!
Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

4 Your faith, your hope and righteous-
Are treasured up in him alone; [ness,
Your rich supplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord
has done.

60. L. M. *The Law satisfied by Christ's Death.* PRESBY. SEL.

1 WHEN on the cross my Saviour
God's holy law was satisfied, [died,
My debts he paid, my sins he bore,
And justice now demands no more.

2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds & ease my woes;
And a rich fountain still remains,
To wash away my guilty stains.

3 Here will I bathe my guilty soul,
Here blessings without number roll;
My hopes and joys I hence derive.
For Jesus died that I might live

61. L. M. *John 3. 16. 2 Cor. 9. 15.* BEDDOME.
The Gift of God.

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face—
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

DEVOTION. L. M.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;

Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

62. L. M. Psalm 51. WATTS.
A penitent Pleading for Pardon.

- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience
clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow
severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

63. L. M. Psalm 84. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving
grace, [face,
Shines through the beauties of thy
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming
name!
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away,
A long and everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

64. L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE God, from whom all bless-
ings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, . . . Lose all their guilty stains.

65. C. M. COWPER.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
'Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

66. C. M. Rev. 5. 11. WATTS.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their
But all their joys are one. [tongues,
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus;" [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

67. C. M.

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God:
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame!
- 3 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit!

CONSOLATION. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day, Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay, To him that rules the skies.

68. C. M.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats ;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
Mysins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crushed me
But mercy held thine hand. [dead,

69. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Jesus precious to the Believer.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels, to thee, are gandy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And dying clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

70. C. M. Job. 23. 3, 4. WATTS.
O that I knew where I might find him.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

CHRIST OUR HOPE.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. Be - hold what won - d'rous grace, The Fa - ther has be - stow'd,
On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God.

71. S. M.
1 John 3. 1. Gal. 4. 6.

WATTS.

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

72. S. M. *Christ glorious in tears.* BEDDOME.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

73. S. M. *Rev. 15. 3.* HAMMOND.

- 1 **A** WAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing:
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Dear Sa - viour! we are thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our

hearts, our souls we would re - sign En - tire - ly to thy hands.

74. S. M. 1 Cor. 12. 27. DODDRIDGE.

- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh! let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 The Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

75. S. M. S. D. PHELPS.

- 1 DID Jesus weep for me?
And sigh o'er sinners here?
My soul that weeping Saviour see,
And shed thyself a tear.
- 2 Did Jesus pray for me?
For such a wand'rer care?
My heart subdued and broken be,
And drawn to him in prayer.

- 3 Did Jesus die for me?
Oh! depth of love divine!
I die to sin—I'll live to thee;
O Saviour, make me thine!

76. S. M. John 1. 29. WATTS.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain,
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
'Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

DUNLAP CREEK. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'n - ly hosts, And thou, O earth! a - - dore;

Let . . . death and hell through-out their coasts, Stand trembling at his | pow'r.

77. C. M.

- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
Here all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunders roar along.
- 4 Think, O my soul! the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the skies and burn the seas,
And fling his wrath abroad.

78. C. M. *Christ the Foundation.* WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here;
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

- 3 What though the gates of hell with-
Yet must this building rise; [stood,
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

79. C. M. *The Door.*—John 10. 9. Hosea 2. 15. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and bless his
Whose mercies never fail; [name
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 Oh! may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All traveling through one beauteous
To one eternal home! [gate

80. C. M.

- 1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity possesst,
Be equal honours given.

CHRIST OUR HOPE.

27

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Fa-ther! whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de-nies,

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this e-ti-tion rise:

81. C. M. Eph. 5. 20. STEELE.

- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend; [shine
Thy presence through my journey
And crown my journey's end."

82 C. M. Tit. 2. 13. DENNY.

- 1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away!
- 2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.
- 3 But, dearest Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?
- 4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

- 5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours:
But only, Lord above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fullness of Thy love.

83. C. M. John 19. 26, 27. NEWTON.
Christ suffering on the Cross.

- 1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure never till my latest breath
Could I forget that look:
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt, and own'd the
And plunged me in despair; [guilt,
I saw my sins his blood had spilt
And help'd to nail him there.
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."
- 5 With pleasing grief and mournful
My spirit now is filled, [joy
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re - deem - ers praise; He

just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

Lov - ing-kind-ness, Lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!

84. L. M. Ps. 36. 7. MEDLEY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!</p> <p>3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p> <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh! how good!</p> | <p>5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart,
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.</p> <p>6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.</p> <p>7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.</p> |
|---|--|

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

I. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days?

85. L. M. *Mark 8. 38.* GRIGG.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus? sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus? just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus? yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

86. L. M. *Same Subject.* STENNETT.

- 1 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and
died.
'Tis finished! yes, the work is done,—
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

- 2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain—
The Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

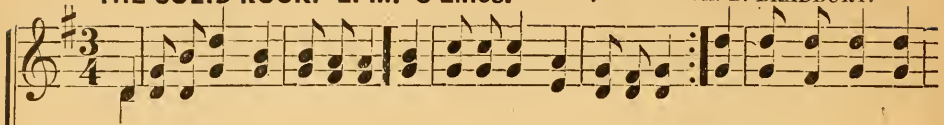
87. L. M.

- 1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Ho, Salem's daughters, weep
around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground,
- 2 Come saints and drop a tear or two.
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo;—what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

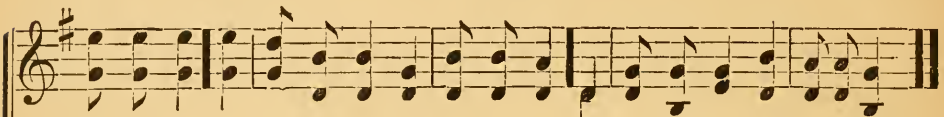
CHRIST OUR HOPE.

THE SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 Lines.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; } On Christ, the so - lid
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. }



rock, I stand: All o - ther ground is sink - ing sand, All o - ther ground is sinking sand.

88. L. M. *The solid Rock.* EDW. MOTE.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.
 On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

89. L. M. "All in All."

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if thou art mine!
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above:
 Comfort it brings, and power, and
 peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love.
 To me, with thy great name, are given,
 Pardon, and holiness and heaven.

3 Jesus, my All in all thou art;
 My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
 The med'cine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my
 gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death—my All in all.

IDUMEA. S. M.

1. Your harps, ye tremb - ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take:
Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

90. S. M. Psalm 27. 14. TOPLADY.

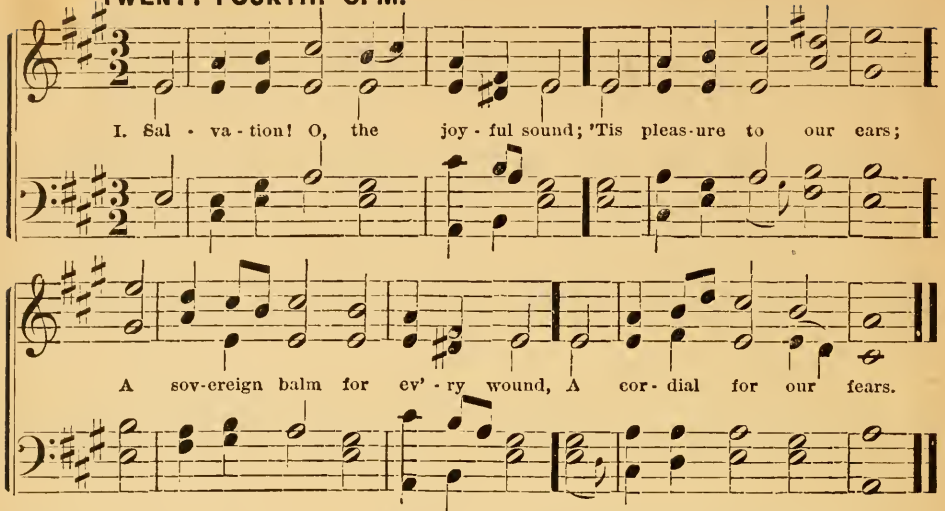
- Weak Believers encouraged.*
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
 - 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
 - 4 Fasten'd within the veil,
Hope be our anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts us smooth along.
 - 5 The people of his choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.
 - 6 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
 - 7 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

91. S. M. Luke 13. 23. NEWTON.

- 1 **D**ESTRUCATION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way
Through Christ, the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is to straight.
 - 3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caressed,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.
 - 4 Enecompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say, so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.
 - 5 O hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heavenly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."
 - 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

CHRIST OUR SALVATION.

TWENTY-FOURTH. C. M.



I. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;
A sov - ereign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

92. C. M. *Isa. 26. 1.*

WATTS.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

93. C. M. *Psaln 35. 3.* DODDRIDGE.

- 1 SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;

And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

94. C. M. *Complete Salvation.*

- 1 SALVATION, through our dying
Shall ever stand complete; [Head,
He paid whate'er his people owed,
And cancelled all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our spirit to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness
And brings us safe to heaven.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner saved," I'll cry,
Then glæfully quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

EXALT THE LORD.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

95. C. M. *Cant. 3. 11.* PERRONETT.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
6. Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

96 C. M. Eph. 4. 15. 16. DODDRIDGE.
Head of the Church.

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
 That calls a worm thy own:
 Give me among thy saints a place
 To make thy glories known.

- 2 Allied, to thee, our vital head,
 We act, and grow, and thrive;
 From thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 Here join in sweet accord:
 One body all in mutual love,
 And t'out our common Lord.

97. C. M. *Desiring to praise the Redeemer.* C. WESLEY.

- 1 OH! for a thousand tongues, to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God!
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood avail'd for me.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.

1. Ye na-tions round the earth re-joice, Be-fore the Lord, your sovereign King;

Serve him with cheer-ful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glo-ry sing.

98.

L. M.

Psalm 100.

WATTS.

- 2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

99

L. M.

Psalm 103.

MEDLEY.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Sov'reign, Lord of all,
Prostrate before thy throne I fall,
While here my claim and song I raise,
'Thou art my God and thee I'll praise.'
- 2 Hence all my comforts, safety, peace,
And all those joys which never cease;
'Thou guide and strength of all my ways,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'
- 3 In all my trials and my fears,
In all my sorrows and my tears,
In all my dark and gloomy days,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'

- 4 Thro' Christ I view thy wrath appeas'd
In him I see thee fully pleas'd;
My soul on this foundation stays,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'
- 5 Be this my glory when I rise
To that bright world above the skies;
Forever there this song I'll raise,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'

100.

L. M.

Deut. 6. 5.

D. TURNER.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, bless'd God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name,
Thy praises, through thy bright abode,
The heavenly host with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed and die;
And bad'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful, wond'rous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more.

EXALT THE LORD.

35

CORYDON. L. M.

JAMES S. WHITMAN, Oxford.

1. Self-righteous souls on works rely, And boast their moral dignity

But if I lip a song of praise, Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

101. L. M. Eph. 2 5.
By Grace ye are Saved.

- 2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when
And grace my soul to Jesus led; [dead,
Grace brings me pardon for my sin,
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.
- 3 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
'Tis grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.
- 4 'Tis grace defends when dangers near,
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Free grace is all they sing above.

102. L. M. *No man can say that* BURNHAM.
Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.

- 1 NE'ER was a sinner cast away
Whom the Redeemer taught to pray,
He loves such souls by far too well
Ever to cast them down to hell.
- 2 Come, praying souls, thy God is near,
And listens to each broken prayer;
Pleas'd he attends thy every groan,
And soon in mercy will be known.
- 3 He ne'er was known to disappoint
A praying, waiting, humble saint;
But such a soul he'll ever bless,
With all the glories of his grace.

103. L. M. *The Song of Heaven.*

- 1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus'
All merit of their own deny, [name,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne,
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm—
- 4 Salvation's glory all be paid
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed,
"Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

104. L. M. *Psalms 106. 4, 5.* NEWTON.

- 1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious
name:
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them,
- 2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine;
That we thy people's joy may know
And in their holy triumph join.

BETHEL. C. M.

1. Come ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts a - bove;
 Let ev - ry heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that God is love.

105. C. M. *God is Love.*—1 John 4. 8.

BURDER.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove,
 Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
 To show that God is love.
- 3 Behold, his patience bearing long
 To those who from him rove;
 Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
 To teach them God is love.
- 4 The work begun is carried on
 By power from heaven above;
 And every step from first to last,
 Proclaims that God is love.

106 C. M. *Luke 10. 42.*

TOPLADY.

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
 No comeliness I see;
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
 Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy redeeming love,
 Into my soul convey;
 Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
 My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
 My comfort to restore;
 More than thyself I cannot crave,
 And thou can'st give no more.

107. C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 T O tell the Saviour all my wants,
 How pleasing is the task!
 Nor less to praise Him when He grants
 Beyond what I can ask,
- 2 My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
 To tell but half the joy;
 With how much tenderness He speaks,
 And helps me to reply.
- 3 Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
 Such secrets to declare:
 Like precious wines, their taste they
 Expos'd to open air. [lose
- 4 But this with boldness I proclaim,
 Nor care if thousands hear,
 Sweet is the ointment of his name,
 Not life is half so dear.

108. C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 W E seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day; [lies,
 Through floods and flames the passage
 But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
 Hear and obey his word;
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

109. *Tune*—BALERMA, p. 6.
C. M. Rom. 8. 14, 16.
The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Tune—ORTONVILLE, p. 7.
110. C. M. *Indebtedness to Christ.*

- 1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men,
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

Tune—IDUMEA, p. 31.
111. S. M. 1 Pet. 1. 8. **WATTS.**
A View of Christ by Faith.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy grace,

- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow;
Unspeakable like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Tune—ARLINGTON, p. 5.
112. C. M. John 1. 29.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given:
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would sinners all embrace.
- 4 O that my Jesus' heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His loving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Tune—WINDHAM, p. 130.
113. L. M. *Contemplation of the Cross.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

MASON. Arr.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come! With en - er - gy di - - vine,

And on this poor be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.

114. S. M. *Invocation for the Holy Spirit.*

DAVIES.

- 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel,
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form my soul anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I would devote
The remnant of my days.

115. S. M. *Rom. 5. 5.*

HART.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our mind,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

116. S. M. *Desiring Spiritual Food.*

- 1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

117 S. M. *Zech. 14. 8, 9.*

- 1 NOW living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.

BRAY. C. M.

1. How vain are all things here be-low! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its

poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare. And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

118. C. M. *Matt. 10. 37.* WATTS.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and dearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

119. C. M. *Luke 11. 13.* WATTS.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;

Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

120. C. M.

- 1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our
In glory now appear; [God,
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.
- 2 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. from GLASER.

1, Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice;
The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.

121. C. M. *Isa. 4. 1.* WATTS.

- 2 Come all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

122. C. M. *Isa. 53. 1.* NEWTON.
Help us to draw near to Thee.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm re-
And make thy glory known; [veal
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
That never loved before.

- 4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

123. C. M. *Matt. 13. 3. 23.* NEEDHAM.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, the heavenly seed be
Be it thy servant's care, [sown;
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer,
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heav'nly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and
Begin this song divine; [tongues,
Thou, Lord, hath given the rich in-
And be the glory thine. [crease,

124. C. M. *Delight in the House of God.*

1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.”

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

125. C. M. *Deut. 1. 17.* FAWCETT.

1 **T**HE cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at his throne.

2 He will his cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast;
His love can heal my wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.

3 The judge supreme, must needs do
right,
Whoe'er should me condemn;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injur'd name.

4 He calls me by his precious word,
And bids me not to fear;
The cause that is for me too hard,
My gracious God will hear.

126. C. M. WATTS.

1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,

And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

127. C. M. HIGGINBOTHAM.
To Christ the good Shepherd.

1 **T**O thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise!

2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can
A subject so divine? [speak
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine?

3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From that bless'd world on high,
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To suffer, bleed and die!

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

Tune—REDEMPTION p. 117.

128. C. M. *James 1. 17.*

1 **F**ATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom, too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought.
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word, is thine.

4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

STELLA. S. M.

VICCIE A. SEARS.

1. How charm - ing is the place, Where my Re - deem - er God

Un - veils the beau - ties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!

129. S. M. *Psalm 84.*

STENNETT.

- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts:
And in return accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of thy God.

130. S. M.

- 1 **M**AY sacred awe possess
Our happy spirits, Lord,
While we shall hear thy saints express
Their interest in thy word.

- 2 Command their thoughts to peace,
Make plain what thou hast done;
Renew to them that full release,
First granted in thy Son.
- 3 May we, thy people, hear,
And only such receive
As have for thee a filial fear,
And in thy Son believe.

131. S. M. *Zech. 4. 6.* BEDDOMES

- 1 **'T**IS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act
His be the glory too.

132. S. M.

- G**IVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - - 'reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

133. S. M. Psalm 95. Praise the Lord. WATTS.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own—
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

134. S. M. Psalm 103. WATTS' PSALMS.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

135. S. M. W. THOMPSON.
*The Believer may converse with God
as with his Father.*

- 1 **M**Y Father and my God,
O teach me to draw near,
And may I feel a child-like love,
And not a slavish fear.
- 2 O let my soul be filled
With thy paternal grace,
While in humility I come
And stand before thy face.
- 3 A rebel I have been,
And still remain the same,
But thou hast bid me come to thee
In Jesus' worthy name.
- 4 Lord, in his name I come,
And praise thee for thy grace;
Unworthy as I know I am,
I love to see thy face.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And list - en while I tell,

How nar - row - ly my feet es - caped The snares of death and hell.

136. S. M. Ps. 66. 16.
Praise for Conversion.

STENNETT.

- 2 The flattering joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill
Guided the poisonous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish sprung from opening life
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he raised,
My bleeding wounds he healed,
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.
- 7 O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

137. S. M. Ps. 73. 28.
God All to his People.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
- 3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 Nor earth nor all the skies,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures move,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 6 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

ADDIE. S. M.

1. Be - hold the gift of God! Sin - ners, a - dore his name!

Who shed for us his pre - cious blood, Who bore our curse and shame.

138. S. M. *Bread of Life.*—John 6. 35, 48, 51.

HOSKINS.

2 Behold the living bread!

Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold the Saviour's love!

Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above
Provisions half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;

He knows you've naught to buy;
To Jesus haste, this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

139. S. M. Psalm 23.

WATTS.

1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place

Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,

He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,

I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk thro' death's dark
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,

Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love

Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

140. S. M.

1 **L**ET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,

Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

S CHORUS.

1. Oh! hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap - py
Well may this glo - wing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad, }

FINE. D. S.

day, hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way! } He taught me how to watch and pray, }
And live re - joice - ing ev - 'ry day. }

141. L. M. Deut. 33. 29. DODDRIDGE.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done :
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Сно.—Happy day, happy day, &c.

3 Now, rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast ?

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

142. L. M. Come, Sinners!

1 COME, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in
blood,
Behold his side, and venture near ;
The well of endless life is here.

2 Here we forget our cares and pains ;
We drink, yet still our thirst remains :

Only the Fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

3 His name dispels our guilt and fear,
Revives our heart and charms our ear ;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

143. L. M. John 14, 2.
Church complete in Christ.

1 WHY should the saints be filled with
dread,
Or yield their joys to slavish fear ?
Heaven can't be full, which holds the
Head,
Till every member's present there.

2 In heaven the Head — the members
here—
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one ;
So far asunder, yet so near ; [throne.
Some yet unborn—some round the

3 How bright eternal wisdom shines,
When it displays eternal love !
Instructing by these dazzling lines,
The earth beneath and heav'n above.

AFTER SERMON.

By Per. O. D. & CO. 47

SESSIONS. L. M.

1. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last - ing King, Ac - cept the trib - ute which we bring,
 Ac - cept thy well de - served re - nown, And wear our prais - es as thy crown.

144. L. M. 2 Cor. I. 12.

WATTS.

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
 Like our espousal, Lord, to thee;
 Like the blest hour when from above,
 We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
 O may it ever, ever stay!
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

145. L. M. Rev. 11. 15.

BEDDOME.

1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
 And spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world

Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou through heaven and earth
 ador'd.

146. L. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee!
 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
 'Tis like a little heaven below:
 Not all that hell or sin can say,
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
 The text and doctrine of thy word;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things
 divine
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

SABBATH. S. M.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re-

viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes, And these re joic - ing eyes.

147. S. M.

WATTS.

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

148. S. M. *The Lord is risen.*

- 1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And Satan captive led.
- 2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings forever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.
- 3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our loads of guilt were laid,
We by his stripes are healed.

- 4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown,
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

149. S. M. *Psalms 99.* WATTS.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet!
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel
He gave his people rest. [pray'd.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race,
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same,
Still he's a God of holiness;
And jealous for his name.

150. S. M.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love deriv'd
The ground of all their songs.

Tune—CONSOLATION, p. 23

151.

C. M. *Psalm 122.*
Joy of Worship.

LYTE.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song !
- 3 Spirit of Grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below ;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow !
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.

Tune—TWENTY-FOURTH, p. 32.

152.

C. M. *Psalm 118.*

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's Holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Tune—HEBRON, p. 2.

153.

L. M. *Another.*

- 1 **S**WEET day of rest, with pure delight
I welcome thy returning light ;
These golden hours aloud proclaim
The honors of Emanuel's name.
- 2 This is the Pisgah where I stand,
To feast my eyes on Canaan's land ;
And fresh, immortal fragrance seize,
Borne on the Spirit's gentle breeze.

- 3 'Tis here I grasp the bending skies,
Released from earth's polluting ties ;
Here gather manna for my soul,
And strength my passions to control.

Tune—REDEMPTION, p. 117.

154.

C. M. *Another.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join in sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven ;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

Tune—FEDERAL STREET, p. 29.

155.

L. M. *The Eternal Sabbath.*

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord we
But there's a nobler rest above ; [love,
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place,
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

Tune—MANOAH, p. 138.

156.

C. M. *Isa. 60. 1.*

BARBAULD.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom !
Oh, what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

RESURRECTION OF THE LORD.

50

Tune—AUTUMN, p. 51.

157.

8s & 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, ye saints, look here and won-
See the place where Jesus lay; [der:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.
- 2 Jesus triumphs! Sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's name.
- 3 Jesus triumphs! Countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing.
Songs eternal [ring.
Shall through heaven's high arches

Tune—COOK, p. 96.

158.

7s.

Matt. 28. 6.

COLLYER.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,—
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!
- 3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

Tune—BALERMA, p. 6.

159.

C. M.

Eph. 4. 8.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

- 2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 4 Bright angels! strike your loudest
Your sweetest voices raise; [strings,
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Tune—HENDON, p. 182.

160.

7s.

WESLEY.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
These we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection thou.

161.

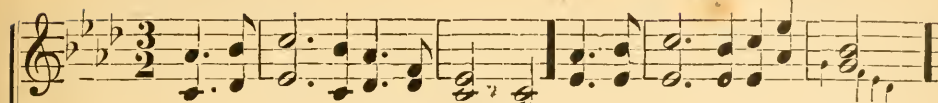
L. M.

DOXOLOGY.

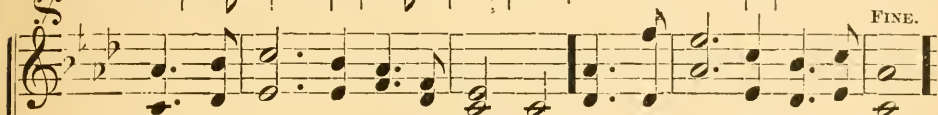
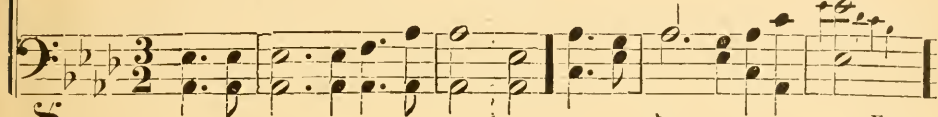
- A**LL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly
dove.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

SPANISH.



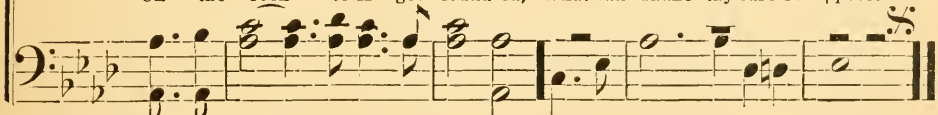
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!



He whose word can-not be brok - en, Formed thee for his own a - bode.
D. S. With Sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.



On the rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - | pose?



162. 8s & 7s. D. Isa. 33. 20. 21. NEWTON.
Zion is defended and supplied.

2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the Manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the wordling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

WELTON. L. M.

Theme by MALAN.

1. Hap-py the church, thou sa - cred place, The seat of thy Cre - a - tor's grace;

The ho-ly courts are his a - bode, Thou earthly pal - ace of our God.

163. L. M. Psalm 48. WATTS.

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move.
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his highest praise.

164. L. M. Solomon's Song 4. 12-15.
The Church the Garden of Christ.

- 1 **W**E are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of perfume:
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God;
And faith and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

165. L. M. Eph. 2. 19. HART.

- 1 **L**ORD, bless thy saints assembled
here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join:
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.
- 2 May they thy living members prove
Tho' all by nature once were dead:
Be thou their Lord, their life, their love,
Their husband and their living head.
- 3 Thus constituted, may they be
Part of thy general church below;
Yet independent, but on thee,
For thou alone their wants can know.
- 4 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless.
Lord fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

MASON.

1. We've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here; This may dis - tress the worldling's mind;

But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a bet - ter rest to find.

166. L. M. *Heb. 13. 14.* KELLY.

- 2 We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.

167. L. M. *Young members wishing to live to God.*

- 1 **R**ENEWED by grace, we love the
word,
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord,
Then to the church ourselves we give,
In holy fellowship to live.
- 2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
And sweetly on thy breast recline;
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And never cease to watch and pray.
- 3 May we continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray, delight to praise;
Among thy saints abide in love,
Till called to shine in realms above.

168. L. M. *Isa. 57. 15.* STEELE.
Death.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity, tremendous sound!
'To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd and peace with God.

169. L. M. *Christ the End of the Law, &c.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfied;
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command nor curse no more.
- 2 He having suffered in their stead,
The law, in covenant form, is dead;
He rules them with a gentle sway,
And they with sweet delight obey.
- 3 Amazing love! how rich, how free—
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence the holiest duties flow,
Of saints above, and saints below.

1. O God, who mad-est earth and sky, The dark-ness and the day,
Give ear to this thy fam - i - ly, And help us when we pray!

170. C. M. *In Affliction.*

- 2 For wild the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!
- 3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.
- 4 Then, mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too!

171. C. M.

- 1 YE saints, of every rank, with joy
To God your offerings bring!
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name; [flamed,
With thankful hearts and tongues in-
His wondrous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know
How great the master whom you serve,
And yet how gracious too.

172. C. M. *Desiring to run the Christian race.*

- 1 O LET me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed;
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.
- 2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
To save from sin and hell?
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.
- 3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,
Should in his footsteps tread:
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should
Both trusted and obeyed. [be

173. C. M. *1 John 4. 7.* WESLEY.

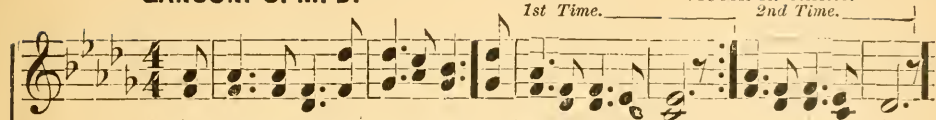
- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in his right steps may tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

GANSON. C. M. D.

VICQIE A. SEARS.

1st Time.

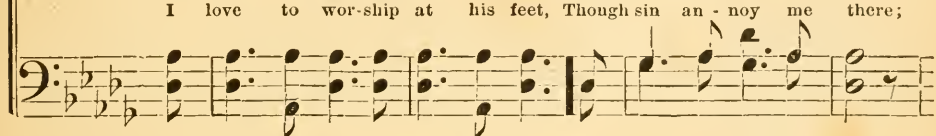
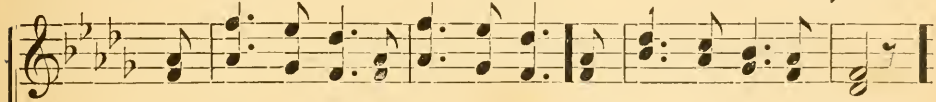
2nd Time.



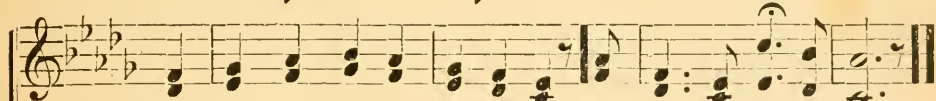
1. I love to see the Lord below; His church displays his grace;
But up- per words his glory know, And view him face to face.



I love to wor-ship at his feet, Though sin an- noy me there;



But saints, ex - alt - ed near his seat, Have no as - sults to fear.



174. C. M.

2 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
He shines—and I am all delight;
He hides—and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

2 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "my Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

175. C. M. 1 Peter, 2. 2. WATTS.

I AS new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

176. C. M. Dbl.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by His redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. O bless - ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov - er'd o'er!

Di - vine - ly bless'd to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

177. S. M. *Psalm 23. 1-6.*

- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

178. S. M. DANIEL.
The Church Secure in Christ.

- 1 **T**HE time will surely come
When all the ransomed race,
With angels shall go shouting home,
To meet their Saviour's face.
- 2 The church of God on earth,
As well as those above, [wrath,
Are sheltered from the storms of
In robes of dying love.
- 3 No trials that they meet
Shall rob them of their rest,

For Jesus makes them all complete
In his own righteousness.

- 4 All hail, thou conq'ring King!
Come quickly from above,
And all thy chosen race shall sing
Thy free electing love.

179. S. M. KENT.
*The Church's Safety; or Zion's Bulwarks the Ever-
lasting Love of God.*

- 1 **Z**ION'S a city fair,
Whose fame of old was known;
Jehovah dwells forever there,
He claims her for his own.
- 2 Here his affections rest,
Nor shall from thence remove;
'Tis his delight to make her blest,
And live upon his love.
- 3 Her worthless name is found
Deep graven on his hand,
In characters of grace profound,
That shall forever stand.
- 4 Though oft with tempest tost,
Yea, from her anchor drove,
This chosen vessel can't be lost,
Secured by cov'nant love.

BEALOTH. S. M. D.

I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re-

deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood. I love thy church, O God! Her

walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.

180. S. M. Psalm 137. DWIGHT.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemm vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.
 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

181. S. M. Psalm 104. WATTS.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
 To praise th' eternal God;
 Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
 Thou sun, with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

2 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
 By his command they stand or move;
 And ever speak his name.
 By all his works above,
 His honors be express'd!
 But saints that taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

HOBBS. 12s.

1. You may sing of the beau-ty of moun-tain and dale, Of the sil-ver-y
stream-let and flow'rs of the vale; But the place most de-light-ful this
earth can af-ford, Is the place of de-vo-tion, the house of the Lord.

182.

12s.

WM. HUNTER.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the skies softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.</p> | <p>4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health;
But the hope of bright glory of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this!</p> |
| <p>3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.</p> | <p>5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed from above.</p> |

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. Let Chris - tians all a - gree, And peace a - mong them spread;
Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ, their Head.

183. S. M. Gal. 3. 28. BEDDOME.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away; [dwell,
Those should in strictest friendship
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above, [flow,
Where streams of endless pleasures
And ev'ry heart is love.

184 S. M. Psalm 48. 13. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

- 4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

185. S. M. Safety of the Church.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!
- 3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

HAMBURG. L. M.

MASON, Arr.

1. To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to mount Zi-on go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

186. L. M.

- 2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 4 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.
- 6 Young women, now we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?
- 7 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell;
We're bound to heav'n, but you to hell;
Still God may hear us, while we pray,
And change you ere that burning day.

- 8 Once more I ask you in his name,
(I know his love remains the same)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 9 Come, you that love th' incarnate God,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let's watch and pray, and onward move,
Till we shall meet in realms above.

187. L. M. CENNICK.

Good Way.—Jer. 6. 16.

- 1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin, and peace of mind,
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.
- 2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood,
Of Jesus, is the way to God;
O, may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.
- 3 The prophets, and the apostles too,
Pursued this way, while here below;
Then let no fear your souls dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.
- 4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere;
Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

FINE.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - ed, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y join'd with pow'r.
 D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.
 D.C.

188. 8s, 7s & 4s. 1sa. 4. 1. Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.

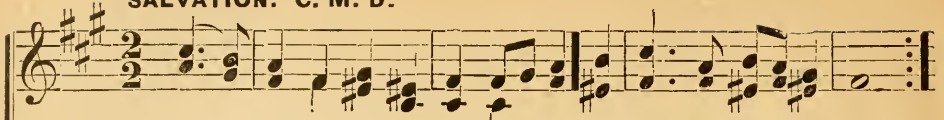
HART.

189. 8s & 7s. D. Matt. 27. 36. SHIRLEY. View of the Cross.

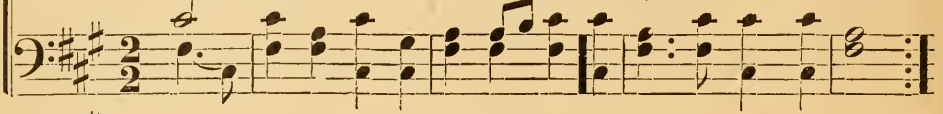
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the *fitness* he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you'r better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden;
 On the ground your Maker lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies:
 "It is finish'd!"
 Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend:
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood:
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye:
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death,
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go; [healing.
 Prove his wounds each day more
 And himself more deeply know.

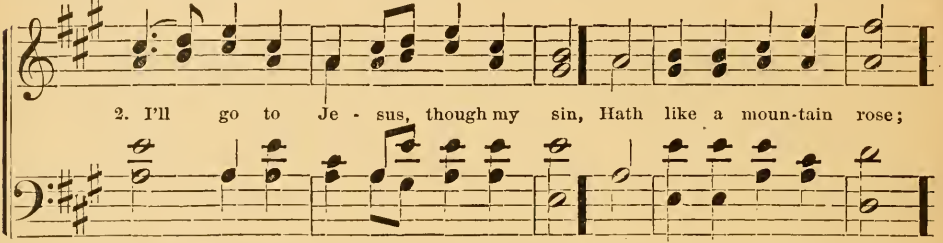
SALVATION. C. M. D.



1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - solve,
Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve.



2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin, Hath like a moun - tain rose;



I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.



190. C. M. Esth. 4. 16. E. JONES.

The successful resolve.

- 3 Prostrate I lie before his throne
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know,
I must forever die.
- 6 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This where to die—delightful thought!
As sinner never died.

191. C. M. John 4. 14.

- 1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die,

INVITATION HYMNS.

PISCAH. C. M.

J. C. LOWRY.

63

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to
Or blush to speak his name? And shall I fear to
D. S.

own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
D. S.

192. C. M. 2 Tim. 2. 3. WATTS.

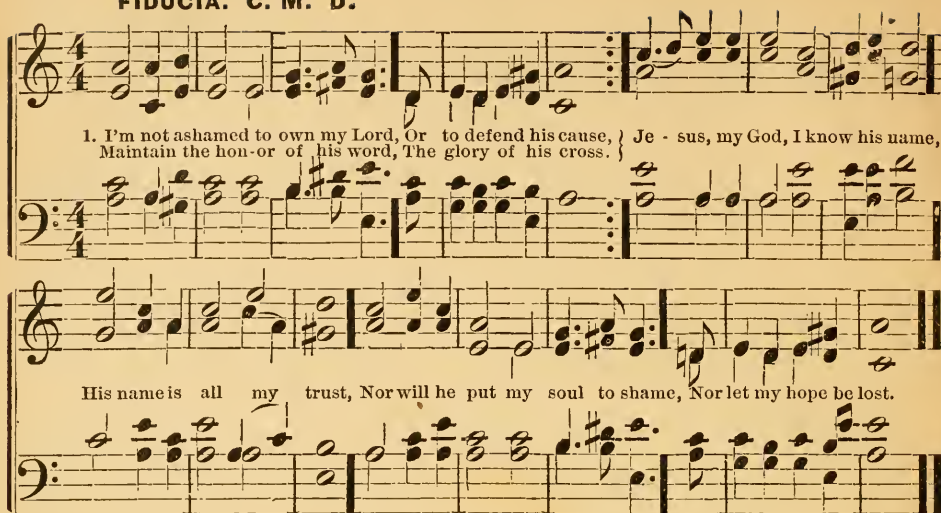
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

193. C. M. Heavenly Happiness.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;

- My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 I suffer on my threescore years,
'Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 4 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
- 5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 7 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t'appear
And worship at thy feet!

FIDUCIA. C. M. D.



1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause, } Je - sus, my God, I know his name,
Maintain the hon-or of his word, The glory of his cross. }

His name is all my trust, Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

194. C. M. Rom. 1. 16. WATTS.
Not ashamed of Christ.

- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

195. C. M. *Baptism urged from the Command of Christ.*

- 1 **D**ESPISE me not, my carnal friends,
Lest you despise my Lord;
He bids me in the water go,
And I'll obey his word.
- 2 Christ is the bishop of my soul;
He meekly did appear
In Jordan's stream, and was baptized
By John, his harbinger.
- 3 And shall I now refuse to do
What he's enjoined on me?
No—I'll through grace the cross forego,
And his disciple be.
- 4 The watery grave I have in view,
It bids me hasten in;

To all the world I bid adieu,
To rise with Christ my King.

- 5 In thee, my Lord, I put my trust,
With all I have or own,
Hoping that thou wilt raise this dust,
To praise thee on the throne.

196. C. M. FELLOWS.
The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ to follow him.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning
Embrace a wretch so vile? [love
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God.
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

GOSPEL POOL. S. M.

1. Be - side the gos - pel pool, Ap - point - ed for the poor,
From year to year my help - less soul Has wait - ed for a cure.

197. S. M. Jno. 5, 2, 4. NEWTON.
The Pool of Bethesda.

- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came
- 4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languished
And what distress I feel. [here,
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;

Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

- 8 No, he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

198. S. M. S. F. SMITH.
The Spirit's Approval of Baptism.

- 1 **D**OWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led,
And he who came our souls to save,
In Jordan laid his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way,
He fixed the holy rite,
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.
- 3 The Holy Ghost came down,
The baptism to approve,
The ordinance of Christ to crown
And stamp it with his love.
- 4 Dear Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

DISMISSION. L. M.

OLD MELODY, Arr.

1. Come, saints and sin-ners, now be - hold, How Je - sus was bap-tized of old;

Like him we now despise the shame To be bap - tized in his dear name.

199. L. M. Col. 2. 12. LELAND.

- 2 We here are come the world to tell
How Jesus saved our souls from hell:
And shall we not his love proclaim,
And be baptized in his dear name?
- 3 The Saviour's grave before us lies,
From whence he did triumphant rise;
We cheerful venture through the same,
And rise baptized in his dear name.
- 4 Then would our grateful hearts ex-
press
His ways are ways of pleasantness;
Our souls would feel a joyful frame,
And live baptized in his dear name.
- 5 Come, ye that love the Lord, and say,
We will no longer disobey;
If love divine your souls inflame,
Come, be baptized in Jesus' name!

200. L. M. Matt. 28. 19. DOSSEY'S SELEC.
The Gospel Commission.

- I GO, teach the nations and baptize,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their
Lord.

- 2 Commission'd thus by Zion's King,
We to the water humbly bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 When in thy house they seek thy face,
Oh! bless them with peculiar grace!
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of mercy round them shine.

201. L. M. Col. 2. 12. WATTS.

- 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptized into his death and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and
death:
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

Tune—OLNEY, p. 105.

202. ^{88 & 78.} ROBT. S. DANIEL.
The Pleasures of following Christ.

- 1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee,
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.
- 2 Naught have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit;
All the praise to thee is due.
- 3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
O the bliss, the heavenly beauty!
Christ the Lord was buried so.
- 4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave,
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.
- 5 Is there here a weeping Mary,
Waiting near the Saviour's tomb,
Heavy laden, sick and weary,
Crying, "O that I could come!"
- 6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome in his church below;
Venture wholly on the Saviour,
Come, and with his people go.

Tune—COOK, p. 96.

203. ^{78.} Mark 8. 33. LELAND.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts are
warm;
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
Rise, believe, and be baptiz'd.
- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;
Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.
- 3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

Tune—UXBRIDGE, p. 20.

204. ^{L. M.} STENNETT.
A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,

Went humbly down from Jordan's
shore

To find a tomb beneath its wave!

- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he meekly said;
"Why should we then to do his will
Or be ashamed or be afraid?"
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis thy glory to descend,
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection-day, [vain.
The bands of death proved weak and
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise in triumph at thy side.

205. ^{L. M.} DEVOTION, p. 21. JUDSON.
Baptism.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,
On these baptismal waters shine:
O teach our hearts in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
We joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain.
- 3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood,
O plunge us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
- 4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

206. ^{L. M.} SESSIONS, p. 47.
Matt. 3. 13.

- 1 DOWN by the water side we meet,
To tread the path that Jesus trod,
His name to us is ever sweet,
We follow him, he is our God.
- 2 In Matthew third there we behold,
John did immerse the Son of God,
Laid him beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of his future grace.

LEANDER. C. M. D.

AUSTIN.

1. When Christ, who came my soul to save, In Jor-dan was bap-tized, A-ris-ing from the

li-liquid grave, A voice from heav'n re-plies: Thou art my well be-lov-ed Son; Let

men thy word o-bey; I am well pleased that thou hast shown Thy flock this humble way.

207. C. M. *Christ's Baptism.*

- 2 O heavenly Dove, who did descend,
And rest upon his brow,
With all thy quick'ning pow'r attend
Upon thine ord'nance now.
And while we in obedience move,
And thy command obey,
O breathe the pow'r of faith and love,
And wash our sins away.

208. C. M. *Mark 8. 38.* KIRKHAM.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold; [shine
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

- 3 "Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify thy name."
And count their slander gain."

- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

209. C. M. *Matt. 3. 6, 16.*

- 1 **B**URIED in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;
And in obedience to his word,
We imitate the Lamb.
- 2 This ordinance is plainly given;
'Tis left upon record;
Though not to save, or take to heav'n,
But show we love the Lord.

BAPTISM. C. M.

1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways, My jour-ney I'll pur-sue;
Hin-der me not, ye much-lov'd saints, For I must go with you.

210. C. M. Gen. 24. 56. RYLAND.

Baptism.

- 2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

211. C. M. Col. 2. 12. J. B. COOK.

- 1 JESUS, we own thy sovereign sway,
For thou art good and just;
Help us thy precepts to obey,
And in thy name to trust.
- 2 Taught by thy Spirit and thy Word,
We in thy truth confide,
Regardless of a frowning world,
Who oft thy saints deride.
- 3 Wast thou in Jordan's flood baptized,
Our great and glorious Head?

Oh, may we follow, though despised,
And in thy footsteps tread!

- 4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, would we be;
Arising from the liquid grave,
We'd live, O Lord, to thee.
- 5 Thus, when the great archangel's voice
Shall wake our sleeping dust,
Released from death, we'll then rejoice,
And dwell among the just.

212. C. M. Col. 2. 12. STENNETT.

- 1 THUS, was the great Redeemer
In Jordan's swelling flood, [plung'd
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid,
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

Tune—NETTLETON, p. 61.

213.

8s & 7s. Dbl.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

FAWCETT.

I **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming
blood,

Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

Tune—LENOX, p. 172.

214.

6s & 8s.

The Descent of the Dove in Baptism.

1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew the King to crown.

3 The day was never known
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace,
As that which shed in Jordan's stream
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire;
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire;
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

Tune—GOSPEL POOL, p. 65.

215.

S. M.

The Duty of Baptism urged.

1 **A**RISE and be baptized,
And wash away thy sin:
The Christian soul is here advised
T'obey her Lord and King.

2 You must your Lord obey,
Or crucify afresh;
Therefore arise without delay,
Nor parley with the flesh.

3 For if you know his will
And do not it perform,
The cross will grow more heavy still;
Perhaps you'll grow lukewarm.

4 Arise and be baptized,
And wash away your sin:
If you in heart are circumcised,
The act's a pleasant thing.

Tune—SHINING SHORE, p. 92.

216.

8s & 7s.

S. D. PHELPS.

Baptism; Christ, our Example.

1 **T**HIS rite our blest Redeemer gave
To all in him believing;
He bids us seek this hallowed grave,
To his example cleaving.
I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever,
He saved my soul, and left his word
To guide me now and ever.

2 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.
I'll follow, &c.

3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;
In thy kind arms enfold me:
My heart is fixed; no fears appall;
Thy gracious power shall hold me.
I'll follow, &c.

COMMUNION.

SILOAM. C. M.

J. B. WOODBURY.

1. How sweet and aw-ful is the place With Christ with-in the doors,

While ev-er-last-ing love dis-plays The choic-est of her stores!

217. C. M. Luke 14. 17. 22. WATTS.

2 Here every bowl of our God
 With soft compassion rolls:
 Here peace and pardon bought with
 Is food for dying souls. [blood,
 3 While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
 "Lord, why was I a guest?"
 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room;
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?"
 5 'Twas the same love that spread the
 That sweetly forced us in: [feast,
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.

3 The bitter torments he endured
 Upon the shameful cross:
 For us, his welcome guests, procured
 These heart-reviving joys.
 4 His body torn with rudest hands,
 Becomes the finest bread,
 And with the blessings he commands
 Our noblest hopes are fed.

218. C. M. My Flesh is Meat indeed. STENNETT.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet
 To feed on food divine;
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.
 2 He that prepares the rich repast,
 Himself comes down and dies;
 And then invites us thus to feast
 Upon the sacrifice.

219. C. M. After the Supper.
 1 LET us adore th'Eternal Word,
 'Tis he our souls hath fed;
 Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
 And thou the Immortal bread.
 2 The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above, [rise,
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure
 And rivers flow with love.
 3 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
 To nourish dying men,
 And often spreads his table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.
 4 Our souls shall draw their heavenly
 While Jesus finds supplies; [breath,
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.

REFLECTION. C. M.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vour bleed, And did my Sov' - reign die?
 Would he de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I....., For such a worm as I ?

220. C. M. *The Sufferings of Christ.* WATTS.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Lord of glory died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

I that have crucified his Son
And trampled on his blood.

- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

222. C. M. *John 6.* WATTS.

- 1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our living Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th'atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Assure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

221. C. M. *Cant. 5. 1.* STENNETT.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that was all defiled in sin,
A rebel to my God,

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.

1. To our Re-deem-er's glo-ri-ous name A-wake the sa-cred song; O may his love (im-

mor-tal flame!) Tune ev'ry heart and tongue, Tune ev'ry heart and tongue, Tune ev'ry heart and [tongue.

223. C. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 2 His love! what mortal thought can
What mortal tongue display? [reach,
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left the radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders
In thy atoning blood! [dwell
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

224. C. M. 2 Cor. 3. 3.

- 1 [F, Lord, in thy fair book of life,
My worthless name doth stand,
And in mine heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;
- 2 If I'm secure by graee divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies;
- 3 To thee, in sweet melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise, [weak,
But life's too short, my powers too
To show forth half thy praise.

- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

225. C. M.

Viewing the Cross by Faith.

- 1 [L ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 Our humble faith here takes its rise,
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary it flies,
To view its groaning Lord.
- 3 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew,
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!
- 4 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
"See here the spring of all your joys,
That opened when I died."
- 5 He smiles and cheers my mournful
And tells of all his pains: [heart
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.

1. Je-sus, we bow be-fore thy feet; Thy ta-ble is di-vine-ly stored;

LAST VERSE
Thy sa-cred flesh our souls have eat; 'Tis liv-ing bread—we thank thee, Lord. A-men!

226. L. M.
Incomparable Food, or the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flowed
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around,
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls forever bless:
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

227. L. M. 1 Cor. 11. 23. WATTS.
The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 **T** WAS on that dark, that doleful
night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd. and
brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he
spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive, and eat the living food;"

Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall
end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

228. L. M. *Matt. 26. 27.*

- 1 **T**HY broken body, gracious Lord,
Is shadowed by this broken bread;
The wine, which in the cup is poured,
Points to the blood which thou hast
shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,
We show that we are one in thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us,
Thy death, O Lord, hath set us free.
- 3 Brethren in thee, in union sweet,
For ever be thy grace adored!
'Tis in thy name that now we meet
And know thee with us, gracious
Lord!
- 4 We have one hope, that thou wilt
come;
Thee in the air we wait to see,
When thou wilt take thy people home,
And we shall ever reign with thee.

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

229. * S. M.
Heavenly Joy on Earth.

WATTS. 230. * S. M.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love; [pow'rs
He will send down his heavenly
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free:
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

* These hymns are also suited and often sung to KENTUCKY, p. 18.

*Tune—SHIRLAND, p. 56.***231.** S. M.
The Spirit witness to the Water and the blood.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To bring us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th'ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.
- 4 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

*Tune—GOSPEL POOL, p. 65.***232.**

S. M.

- 1 **O** LET our heart and mind
Continu'lly ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end!
- 2 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.
- 3 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 4 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

*Tune—SILOAM, p. 71.***233.**

C. M.

Washing the Saints' Feet.

- 1 **J**ESUS, by heavenly hosts adored,
The church's glorious Head,
With humble joy I call thee Lord,
And in thy footsteps tread.
- 2 Emptied of all thy greatness here,
While in the body seen,
Thou wouldst the least of all appear,
And minister to men.

3 A servant to thy servants thou,
In thy debas'd estate;
How meekly did thy goodness bow
To wash thy followers' feet!

4 I come, O God, to do thy will,
With Jesus in my view;
A servant to thy servants still,
My pattern I pursue.

5 The loving labor I repeat,
Obedient to his word,
And wash his dear disciples' feet,
And wait upon the Lord.

*Tune—WINDHAM, p. 130.***234.**

L. M.

Washing, &c.

- 1 **O** PRECIOUS Christ in me abide,
Thy presence dear my safe retreat;
Subdue my carnal sense and pride,
And place me at thy children's feet.
- 2 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then shall I in thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read thy word,
That I'm indeed renewed by grace.
- 3 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then through my few remaining days
I'll yield obedience to thy word,
And as I go, I'll sing thy praise.

*Tune—DISMISSION, p. 66.***235.**

L. M.

Washing, &c.

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, we who love the
Lord,
Never depart from Jesus' word,
Let true humility abound
Where'er the love of God is found.
- 2 Remember when Christ was below,
What condescension he did show;
He did his dear disciples greet,
And condescend to wash their feet.
- 3 "If I your Lord and Master be,
And you my blest example see,
You should each other kindly greet,
And ought to wash each other's feet."

ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

WATCHMAN. 7s. D.

L. MASON.

1 . Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon

moun-tain's height See that glo-ry beam-ing star! Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray

Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

236. 7s. Dbl. JOHN BOWRING.

Isa. 21. 11.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

237. 7s. JOSIAH CONDER.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing thee.
- 4 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.

1. Go forth, ye her-alds, in my name; Sweet-ly the gos-pel trum-pet sound-
The glo-rious ju-bi-lee pro-claim, Where-e'er the hu-man race is found.

238. L. M. *Matthew 10.*

- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
And harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you 're commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrine be believed,
And by your labors sinners live.

239. L. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately
frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

- 3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall his moving engine last
Till all his saints are gathered in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!
- 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for
you.

240. L. M.
The People's Prayer for their Minister.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, de-
fend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And keep him through thy love & power.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

Tune—SILVER STREET, p. 43.

241. S. M.

Isa. 52. 7, 10.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without a sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bear his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Tune—CAMBRIDGE, p. 73.

242.

C. M.

Hebrews 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th'alarm they give:
Now let them, from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart
And fill a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the
Did heavenly bliss forego; [Lord
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste
Th'account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
faults,
Lord, where should we appear?

- 5 May that same Jesus, whom they
Their own Redeemer be; [preach,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Tune—ST. THOMAS, p. 44.

S. M.

243.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in His name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

Tune—LEANDER, p. 68.

244.

C. M.

- 1 **V**OUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence
Direct us in thy fear; [now,
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.
- 2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their pow'r abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.
- 3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed;
- 4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

Tune—REFLECTION, p. 72.

245. C. M.
At a Deacon being set apart to office.

- 1 UP to thy throne, O God of love,
Would we now lift our eyes;
Grant us thy presence from above,
And hear our feeble cries.
- 2 Upon thy servant, called to fill
The deacon's sacred trust,
O may thy Spirit's grace distill,
And make him wise and just.
- 3 Help him thy table, Lord, to spread,
With reference to that night,
When powers of darkness at thy head
Aimed their malignant spite.
- 4 By faith and prayer may he uphold
His faithful pastor's hands;
And to his temporal wants afford
Such aid as God commands.
- 5 Thy poor, the objects of thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
O may his bowels towards them move,
To grant supplies of bread.
- 6 Thus may he use his office well,
And to himself procure
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

Tune—WINDHAM, p. 130.

246. L. M.
At the setting apart of a Deacon to his office.

- 1 HEAD of the Church, thy care we
bless;
Thy bounties are both rich and large;
While teachers on their teachings wait,
Our temp'ral are the deacon's
charge.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of him whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.
- 3 By purest love to Christ and truth,
May he obtain a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and
thee.

Tune—HEBRON, p. 2.

247. L. M.
At the Choice of a Deacon.

- 1 THOU sacred Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Distill thy dews of joy and love;
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgment right.
- 2 From our dear brethren, taught thy
word,
Fain would we choose a deacon, Lord;
One who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.
- 3 In thee we trust, on thee depend,
Our constant, never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in thy name we will rejoice.

Tune—AZMON, p. 40.

248. C. M.
The Deacons addressed and charged.

- 1 DEACONS awake! the word fulfil!
The work to you assigned;
Discharge your sacred duties well,
With pure and upright mind.
- 2 The table of your gracious Lord—
The Lord for us who died—
The church's poor, and pastor's board
By you must be supplied.
- 3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amid your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.
- 4 Still let the mystery of your faith
In bright effulgence glow;
Hear what the Lord your Saviour saith,
"Fulfill your work below."
- 5 Then shall you up to glory rise,
And fill that heavenly place—
That place of pure celestial joys,
Assigned you by his grace!

249. S. M. DOXOLOGY.

THE Father, and the Son,
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
Both now and evermore!

PARTING HAND. L. M.

1. My Chris-tian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove, }
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand, }
D. C. 2. Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a - round my heart.

2. Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear. *D. C.*

250.

L. M.

COURTNEY.

- 3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 O could I stop with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind,
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
- 5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
- 6 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes & fears,
Your hearts with love were seen to flame
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 7 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace; in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 8 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

9 O glorious day! O blessed hope!

My hope leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

251.

L. M.

Eph. 1. 3.

WATTS.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his
throue
Flow down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ, our Lord, we share our
In the affections of his heart; [part
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
Till he forgets his first beloved.

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. 12s. & 8s.

1. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, my friends, I must be gone, I have no
 2. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, my friends, time rolls a - long, Nor waits for

home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter world can view.
 mor - tal cares or bliss, I'll leave you here and trav - el on, Till I ar - rive where Je - sus is.

1 & 2. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And

troubles come no more. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well my loving friends, farewell!

252.

12s. & 8s.

DOVER SEL.

3 Farewell, &c., dear brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound with cords of love,
 But we believe his gracious word,
 We all ere long shall meet above,
 I'll march, &c.
 Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, &c., ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
 But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.
 I'll march, &c.,
 Farewell, &c.

PARTING HYMNS.

PARTING HYMN. C. M. With Chorus.

1. How pleas-ant thus to dwell be-low, In fel-low-ship of love! }
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The saints shall meet a-bove. }
 2. Yes, hap-py thought! when we are free, From earth-ly grief and pain, }
 In heav'n we shall each oth-er see, And nev-er part a-gain. }

1. The saints shall meet a - bove....., The saints shall meet a - bove;
 2. And nev - er part a - gain....., And nev - er part a - gain;
 CHO.: To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore,

And though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The saints shall meet a - bove.
 In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.

And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone be - fore.

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joyful, joy-ful, joy-ful! Oh! that will be joyful, to meet to part no more.

253.

C. M.

3 The children who have lov'd the Lord
 Shall meet their teachers there;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 ||: Of all their toil and care. :||
 CHORUS: Oh! that will be, &c.

D. C.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways;
 That we, with those we love, may join
 ||: In never ending praise. :||
 CHORUS: Oh! that will be, &c.

REDEMPTION. II.

1. And now, my dear brethren, I bid you fare-well, I'm go - ing to

trav - el, glad ti - dings to tell; Al - though for a while these vile

bod - ies must part, Ce - ment - ed in love, we are still joined in heart.

254.

11s.

Minister's Farewell.

2 May heav'n protect you, be Jesus
your guide;

On the walls of Mount Zion may we
all abide;

Although we live distant, and you I
ne'er see,

On the banks of cold Jordan acquainted
we'll be.

3 There all things are plenty, like Eden
in bloom;

To those blissful mansions no sorrow
can come;

Nor sin nor temptation shall enter
that place,

And there we shall join in the song of
free grace.

4 Adieu to affliction, to trial and pain;
I'm going to Jesus, for ever 'to
reign;
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I
adore;
With saints and bright angels to dwell
evermore.

5 Live near to the Saviour, be fervent in
prayer,
And while I am absent, remember me
there;
That Jesus his gospel would crown
with success,
And my poor exertions to numbers
would bless.

[Verse 6 on opp. page.]

6 And when we meet Jesus in mansions
above,
Where saints and bright seraphs are
filled with his love,
O then may I see these dear mourners
appear!
How glad we shall be to meet each
other there!

255. ^{11s.}
The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the
time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this so-
cial band;
Our several engagements now call us
away,
Our parting is needful, & we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell
for a while,
We'll soon meet again if kind Provi-
dence smile;
But while we are parted and scatter'd
abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in
the Lord.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon
be discharged,
The war will be ended, the bounty en-
larged—
With shouting and singing, tho' Jor-
dan may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan and rest on
the shore.
- 4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed
for war,
Sore trial awaits you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel this dark
wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead
you to peace.
- 5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all
unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to
affright;
But Jesus your leader is stronger than
they;
Let this animate you to march on
your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with
sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the
good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty
to save;
His arms are extended your souls to
receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell
all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last
trump shall sound:
To meet you in glory, I give you my
hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social
band.

256. ^{11s.}

- 1 **C**OME friends and relations, let's join
heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our
land;
Come let's join together and follow
the sound,
And march to the place where redemp-
tion is found.
- 2 The place it is hidden, the place it is
seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sor-
row and woe.
- 3 That place it is hidden by reason
of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you
are in;
You're blind and polluted, in prison
and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption ob-
tain!
- 4 But if you feel wounded and bruised
by the fall,
Then come to the Saviour, for you he
doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and
despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption
is there.

MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M. D.

Arr. by T. B. A.

Tenderly.

1. Dear friends, fare-well, I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go a-way, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart;

Your love to me has been most free, Your con-ver-sa-tion sweet,

How can I bear to jour-ney where With you I can-not meet?

257. C. M. *Minister's Farewell.*

- 2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold
grave,
And shield you from all harms.
- 3 If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done—
I hope the L. rd. will you reward
With an immortal crown.
If I'm called home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me:
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.

258. C. M. *Acts. 20. 38.* NEWTON.

- 1 WHEN Paul was parted from his
It was a weeping day; [friends,
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.
- 2 Ere long they met again with joy,
Secure no more to part;
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warned,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorned.

[Verses 5 & 6 on opp. page.]

- 5 On your own head your blood will fall,
If any perish here;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

259. L. M. *Tune*—MIGDOL, p. 90. BARNARD.
Acts. 18. 21.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day! when saints shall meet
To part no more—the thought is
sweet
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when Christians part.
- 2 O happy place, I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past;
There social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in every heart will reign;
There separation can't compel,
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motions soon compel
With grief to say—dear friends, fare-
well.
- 5 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heaven,
their home
Eternally with Christ do dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

260. L. M. *Tune*—SESSIONS, p. 47. HERBERT.

- 1 **L** ORD, grant a smile before we part,
And warm and animate each heart,
That we may tell our friends around
We sought our God where God was
found.
- 2 Then shall we long to come again,
Because we know 'tis not in vain,
And where we sought our God by prayer
We found our precious Jesus there.

261. *Tune*—GOSPEL TRUMPET, p. 170.
L. M. *At Parting.*

- 1 **C** OME, Christian Brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;

- One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

262. *Tune*—GOSPEL POOL, p. 65.
S. M.

- 1 **O** NCE more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.
- 3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound!

263. 7s. *Tune*—COOK, p. 96.
Acts. 20. 32.

- 1 **F** OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

Tune—MINISTER'S FAREWELL, p. 86

264. C. M.
A Pastor leaving the Church.

- 1 **O** UR cheerful voices let us raise,
And sing a parting song;
Although I'm with you now, my friends,
I can't be with you long.
- 2 For I must go and leave you all;
It fills my heart with pain:
Although we part, perhaps in tears,
I hope we'll meet again.

Tune—HEBRON, p. 2.

265. L. M. HERBERT.

- 1 **O** LORD, dismiss us now in love,
Send down thy blessing from above,
The blessings we have sought to-day,
Lord grant before we go away.
- 2 We have been praying for thy grace,
That thou would'st smile upon this
place;
Thou know'st we love thy house of
prayer,
Because we find thy presence there.

Tune—MIGDOL, p. 90.

266. L. M.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain:
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

Tune—DISMISSION, p. 66.

267. L. M. HART.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Oh, wash us in the Saviour's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Tune—HARWELL, p. 89.268. 8s & 7s. VIRGINIA SEL.
The Parting Blessing.

- 1 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing!
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a-praising,

And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

- 2 Jesus, pardon all our folly
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

Tune—BAPTISM, p. 69.269. C. M.
Christ the Burden of the Song.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then we will sing, more sweet, more
loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

Tune—HARWELL, p. 89.

270. 8s & 7s. JONATHAN EVANS.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

CLOSING HYMNS.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

By Per. L. MASON.

FINE.

D. C. { Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; }
 { O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - ling through this wil - der - ness. }

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - ling through this wilderness.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - ling through this wil - der - ness.

271.

8s, 7s & 4s.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

272.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **L**ORD, before we leave thy temple,
 Comfort every fainting heart;
 Assure us, we shall reign in glory,
 One with thee no more to part;
 Reign in glory,
 Praising God with all the heart.
- 2 There, in sweet, triumphant splendor,
 We shall all thy love explore;

And through one eternal Sabbath,
 Shout thy name for evermore;
 All in raptures,
 We shall wonder and adore.

273.

8s & 7s.

² Cor. 13. 14.

NEWTON.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

274.

8s & 7s.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation:
 Praise the Father's boundless love,
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation.—
 Priest and King, enthroned above;
 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,—
 Him by whom our spirits live:
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. O hap-py saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Je - sus, cloth'd in white;

Safe land-ed on that peaceful shore, Where pil - grims meet to part no more.

275.

L. M.

BERRIDGE.

- 2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.
- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting
strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 5 Ah! Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes
weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

276.

L. M.

G. ROBINS.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads be-
tween
Is with its radiant glories fraught.
- 2 A land, upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no
more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

PILGRIMAGE.

277. L. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant
still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies be-
tween;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,

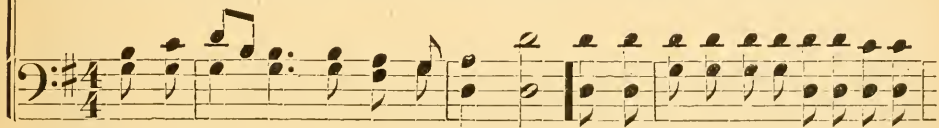
- The sight his fainting strength re-
news,
And wings his speed to reach the
prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles
past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

GERMAN MELODY.



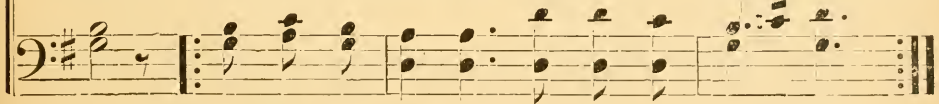
I. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tarry but a
D. C. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tarry but a



FINE.



night! { Do not de - tain me, for I am go - - ing D. C.
night! { Where the fount - tains are for - ev - er flow - - ing;



278. P. M.

MARY S. B. DANA.

- 2 There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing
heart is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

- 3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is thy
light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

PILGRIMAGE.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

By Per. G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger, Would

not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
D. S. just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

FINE.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And

DAL

279. 8s & 7s. *The Shining Shore.*

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;

- That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
For now we stand, &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! Oh, forever!
For now we stand, &c.

PILGRIMAGE.

CONQUERING SOLDIER. 8s, 6s & 7s.

1. Come all ye mourn - ing pil - grims dear, Who're bound for Ca - naan's land,
Take cour-age and fight val - lant - ly, Stand fast with sword in hand;

Our Cap - tain's gone be - fore us, Our Fa - ther's on - ly Son,

Then, pil - grims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us fol - low on.

280. 8s, 6s & 7s.

2 We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand;
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering
Illuminate my soul; [scenes
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

5 Already to my raptured sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there.
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ITALIAN.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy pow'ful hand;

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

281. 8s, 7s & 4s. W. WILLIAMS.

Ex. 14, 19.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

282. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;

Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

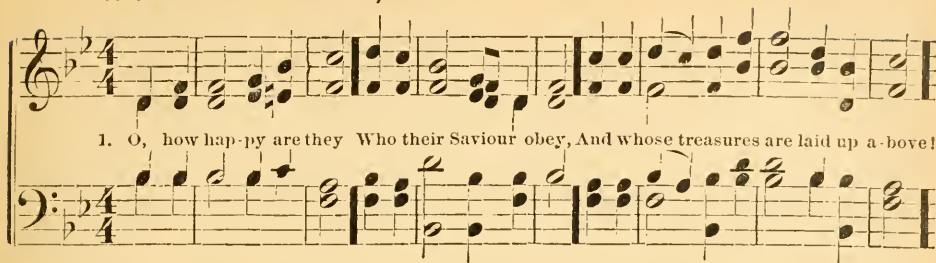
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

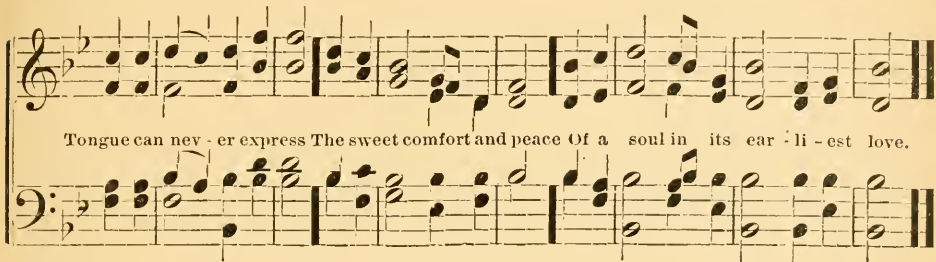
283. 8s, 7s & 4s. DOXOLOGY.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou, the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore,
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

TRUE HAPPINESS. 6s, 6s & 9s.



1. O, how hap-py are they Who their Saviour obey, And whose treasures are laid up a-bove!



Tongue can nev - er express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

284. 6s, 6s & 9s.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 O, that comfort was mine
When the favor divine.
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
Oh, what joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!</p> <p>3 'Twas a heaven below
The Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.</p> <p>4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.</p> <p>5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain!
Then I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.</p> | <p>6 Then I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.</p> <p>7 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fullness of God.</p> <p>8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favor'd am I,
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!</p> <p>9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due:
May they all be devoted to him!</p> |
|--|---|

COOK. 7s.

POPULAR OLD MELODY. Arranged.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es anx - ious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no? Am..... I his, or..... am I not?

285. 7s.

John 21. 16.

NEWTON.

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!

Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

286. 7s. Ruth 1. 16, 17. MONTGOMERY.

The new Member's Declaration.

- 1 **P** EOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING. 7s. Dbl.

FINE.

1. { Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing; }
 { Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways. }
 D. C. They are hap - py now and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

Ye are trav - 'ling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod;
 D. C.

287. 7s. Dbl. Luke 12. 32.

CENNICK,

289. 7s. Dbl. Mutual Encouragement.

- 2 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
 Christ our advocate is made,
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
 You on Jesus throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
 Lord! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

288. 7s. Dbl. Mark 8. 36.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give,
 'Tis sweetest pleasures while we live:
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity!
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One that loves us to the end.
 Forward, then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home."
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part;
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home".
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home"

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

ENGLISH AIR. FINE.

1. { Per - ish ev - 'ry hu - man sto - ry, Ev - 'ry sys - tem taught or tried; }
 { God for - bid that I should glo - ry, Save in Je - sus cru - ci - fied! }
 D. C. Should the whole cre - a - tion per - ish, I am safe, be - neath the tree.

D. C.
 Here let faith re - pose, and cher - ish Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me;

290.

8s & 7s. Dbl.

Gal. 6. 14.

W. WILEMAN.

- 2 Here my soul by faith would enter,
 Pleased no more with fancy's dreams;
 Here is love's refulgent Centre;
 Here are mercy's brightest beams;
 Here is Wisdom in perfection;
 Here's an end of fleshly strife;
 Lord, be thou my Resurrection;
 Jesus, be my spirit's Life!
- 3 Thy sweet love to me revealing,
 Dwell within this worthless heart;
 Let thy wounding be my healing;
 Let thy death new life impart.
 Lord, thy love can ne'er be measured;
 Half thy mercy can't be told;
 Thou hast more within thee treasured
 Than a sinner's heart can hold.
- 4 O that I should ever wander
 From the sinner's sweetest theme!
 O for grace, that I may ponder
 All my steps, and walk in Him!

Earth is old, and Time is hoary;
 Systems to confusion slide;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus crucified!

291.

8s & 7s. Dbl.

To the departing Saint.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go!
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,—
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory!
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign!

CONFLICT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. D.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee;

FINE.

Nak - ed, poor, des - pised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

D. S.

292.

8s & 7s. Dbl.

Luke 9. 23.

LYTE.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

- 4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee! [er,
Storms may howl, & clouds may gath-
All must work for good to me.
- 5 Hasten thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and winged by pray'r!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee
there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

293. C. M. Cant. 1. 3. NEWTON.
Jesus—"The Virgins love thee."

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With stores of boundless grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;

And may the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

294. C. M. WATTS.
God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 **M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
 My dawning is begun!
 He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
 And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers, "I am his!"
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqueror through!

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. As by the light of op' - ning day, The stars are all con - ceal'd,
So earth - ly ob - jects fade a - way When Je - sus is re - veal'd.

295. C. M. DOSSEY'S SELEC. *Old things are passed away.*—2. Cor. 5. 17.

- 2 Its pleasures, now, no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have seen the Lord.
- 3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live for thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 5 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

296. C. M. Heb. 2. 18. COOMBES. *Flying to Christ under Trouble.*

- 1 **I**N all my troubles, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor, hope, is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

297. C. M. WATTS. *The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply! [trees,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But pricking thorns through all the
And mortal poi-sons, grow, [ground,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 5 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

STEPHENS. 8s. D.

POPULAR OLD MELODY Arr.

1. { How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! }
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness with me. }
 D. C. But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; D. C.

298.

8s. Dbl.

Psalm 73. 25.

NEWTON.

299.

8s.

1 John 3. 14.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence dispenses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy should appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing hallelujah, Amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

CONFLICT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

GREEN FIELDS. 8s. D.

FINE.

1. { A debt-or to mer-cy a lone, Of cov-e-nant mercy I sing; }
 D. C. { Nor fear with thy righteousness on, My per-son and off'ring to bring. }
 My Sav-iour's o-bedience and blood Hid all my transgressions from view.

D. C.

The ter-rors of law and of God With me can have nothing to do;

300. Ss. Dbl. TOPLADY. *Faith triumphant.*

- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will com-
 His promise is Yea and Amen, [plete:
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below or above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impressed on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace:
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given,—
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

- As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
 But mix their own works with the
 plan;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they
 can:
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little, they own, they may fail,)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 3 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man or an angel at most:
 Sure these have no feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and
 lost.

301. Ss. Dbl. NEWTON. *Matt. 22. 42.*

- 1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ? is the test,
 To try both your state and your
 scheme;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.

- So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU. Fine.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
 D. C. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove: D. C.

302.

8s & 7s. Dbl.

ROBINSON.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I've come;
 And I trust by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.
- 4 Oh! that day, when freed from sinning,
 I shall see thy lovely face,
 Richly clothed in blood-washed linen,
 How I'll sing thy sovereign grace!
 Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry;
 Take my raptured soul away;
 Send thine angels down to carry
 Me to realms of endless day.

303.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again:
 Lord, revive us!
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
 Every plant looked gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.
 Lord, &c.
- 5 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
 Lord, &c.
- 6 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 O, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain!
 Lord, &c.

OLNEY. 8s & 7. D.

1. { Hail my ev - er bless - ed Je - sus, On - ly thee I wish to sing: }
 { To my soul thy name is pre - cious, Thou my Proph - et, Priest and King. }
 D. C. Love I much? I've much for - giv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

FINE.

Oh! what mer - cy flows from heav - en, Oh! what joy and hap - pi - ness!
 D. C.

304. 8s & 7s. Dbl. Luke 19. 10.

- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
 Witness all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
 Whilst astonish'd, I admire,
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace!
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

305. 8s & 7s. Christ victorious.

- 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
 All the earth shall own his sway;

His dominion shall be glorious,
 Nor shall ever pass away.

- 2 Mighty King, thy love revealing,
 Now thy holy cause maintain;
 Bring the nations, humbly kneeling,
 Now to own thy blessed reign.

306. 8s & 7s. Dbl. Luke 2. 25. MADAN'S COL. Consolation of Israel.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee:
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By thy own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thy all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

* 1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound,) That sav'd a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

307. C. M. NEWTON.

Eph. 2. 8.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;

He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
And mortal life shall cease, [fail,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below
Will be forever mine.

308. C. M. *Luke 9. 33.*

1 **O** HAPPY time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart,

Since I have met the saints once more,
May we in union part.

2 Temptations cease to break my peace,
And all my sorrows die;
When I with you my love renew,
O what a heaven have I!

3 My sorrow's past, and I at last
Have heavenly comforts found,
My heart and treasure is above,
And I'm for heaven bound.

4 If fellowship with saints below
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heavenly raptures shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!

5 While here we sit and sing his love
With raptures so divine,
Our joys are more like theirs above,
While in their songs we join.

6 Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,
We long to see the King,
We long to see those heavenly hills
Where saints and angels sing.

* This Hymn has been set to so many different tunes, (all of which are much esteemed,) that we hardly knew which one to select. We have given the one so well known and loved amongst us.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, thou art the sin-ner's friend, As such I look to thee;
 CHORUS. Re - mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me!

Now, in the full-ness of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

D. C.

309. C. M. Luke 23. 42. BURNHAM.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary:
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.
 CHO. Remember me, &c.
- 3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
 I yield myself to thee;
 While thou art sitting on the throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me.—CHO.
- 4 I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation 's free;
 Then in thy all abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me. CHO.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
 Howe'er oppressed I be,
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do thou remember me.—CHO.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creature helps all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
 I pray remember me.

310. C. M. Mark 16. 15. NEWTON.

I PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my won-
 drous grace,

- To all the sons of men:
 He that believes and is baptiz'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
 Who hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declar'd,
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the christian race;
 And through the troubles of the way
 Find all-suffieient grace.

311. C. M. Matt. 7. 14.

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
 All others go astray;
 Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
 And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be past;
 But those who boldly walk therein,
 Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 While the broad road where thousands go,
 Lies near and opens fair;
 And many turn aside I know,
 To walk with sinners there.
- 4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from the way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.

I NEED THEE PRECIOUS JESUS. 7s & 6s. D.

1. I need thee, precious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and

guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in: I need the cleans - ing fount - ain Where

I can al - ways flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's perfect plea.

312. 7s & 6s. Dbl. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. 4 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,

2 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blesséd Jesus;
I need a friend like thee,—
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne!
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

313. 7s & 6s. Dbl. DOXOLOGY.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Tune—I NEED THEE, &c., opp. page.

314. ^{7s & 6s. Dbl.}
*Longing for and encouraging others in the
 Way to Heaven.*

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin?
 And with my bless'd Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier;
 My Captain's gone before,
 Has given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear:
 For since he's gained the victory,
 It to his own he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternally shall live.
- 3 Through grace I feel determin'd
 To conquer, though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them both adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is our friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll guide you to the end.
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request,
 But give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.
- 5 And if you meet with trials,
 And troubles by the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the bless'd armor
 Of faith, and truth, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 He'll take you home above.

Tune—I NEED THEE, &c, p. 108.

315. ^{7s & 6s. Dbl.} NEWTON.
Luke 19. 10.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me.
 His wond'rous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light compar'd with sin:
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within;
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness—all combin'd;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men, great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain:
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain:
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were crost.
- 4 At length this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace!
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case;
 First gave me sight to view him—
 For sin my eyes had seal'd—
 Then bid me look unto him;
 I look'd and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death:
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.

CONFLICT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

THOS. CLARK.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, be bold, In Zi-on's ways stand fast, Cleave to the
 Lord and you shall find, Cleave to the Lord and you shall
 Cleave to the Lord and you shall find, All will be well at
 last, will be well at last, All will be well at last, All will be well at
 last, All will be well at last, All will be well at last, All will be well at last.

316. S. M. 1 Tim. 6. 12.

- 2 Numbers will you oppose,
 And many snares be laid;
 But Christ will be your strong defence;
 Then never be dismay'd.
- 3 Upon the throne of grace,
 Jesus will soon appear: [throng,
 Fight the good fight, ye ransom'd
 And never, never fear.

- 4 Fear not your num'rous foes;
 O'er all you shall prevail,
 And live, and sing redeeming love,
 'When they'll lament and wail.
- 5 Hark, hark, ye ransom'd race,
 Your Captain cries, "fight on;"
 Soon ye shall mount the lofty skies,
 And stand around the throne.

317. S. M. John 6. 68.
Flee to Christ for all.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I fly to thee,
For mercy, pardon, grace;
Through thee alone, poor sinners may
Approach the Father's face.
- 2 Let thy atoning blood
Encourage me to speak;
That all my wants, O Lamb of God,
I may to thee relate.
- 3 I want a heart to pray,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur or repine,
Nor wish my sufferings less.
- 4 This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want;
Out of the deep on thee I call,
And never, never faint.

318. S. M. Rom. 6. 20.

- 1 **O**H! cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Beho'd the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

319. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,

And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

- 3 The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

320. S. M. Hebrew 3. 7.

- 1 **A**LL yesterday is gone,
To-morrow's not our own;
What day is better than to-day,
To bow before the throne?
- 2 Why should we yet delay,
And not to God return?
How sad to have our oil to buy,
When we should have it burn.
- 3 O hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the sound, DEPART.

Tune—BETHANY, p. 114.

321. 6s & 4s. HASTINGS.
1 Pet. 1. 8.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.
- 2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore:
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.
- 3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

CONFLICT. L. M.

1. I am a stran-ger here be-low, And what I am 'tis hard to know;

I am so vile, so full of sin, I fear that I'm not born a-gain.

322. L. M.

- 2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way;
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be—
Oh! is there any one like me?
- 4 It's seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be;
What I desire I can't attain,
From what I hate, I can't refrain.
- 5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry;
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint—the least of all.
- 6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus, filled with doubt, I ask to know—
Come, tell me—is it thus with you?
- 7 So, by experience, I do know
There's nothing good that I can do;

I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.

- 8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost—
Without free grace I know I'm lost.

323. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Luke 10. 42.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Christ the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Tune—KINGWOOD, p. 136.

8s, 8s., 8s & 6s Dbl.
The Christian's Hope.

324.

1 **A** FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
And I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high:
No more to sigh or shed a tear,
No more to suffer pain or fear, [pear
But God, and Christ, and heaven ap-
Unto the raptured eye,

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.

O happy day! O joyful hour! [tow'r
When freed from earth my soul shall
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r.
To be for ever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace
And sing redeeming love.

Tune—I NEED THEE, &c. p. 108.

7s & 6s, Dbl.

A Christian's Changes.

325.

1 **M**IXTURES of joy and sorrow
I daily do pass through;
Sometimes I'm in a valley,
And sinking down with woe:
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagle's wings I fly;
I rise above my troubles,
And hope to reach the sky.

2 Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
And think I have no grace;
Sometimes I'm full of praising,
When Christ reveals his face:
Sometimes my hope's so little,
I think, I'll throw it by;
Sometimes it seems sufficient,
If I were called to die.

3 Sometimes I shun the Christian,
Lest he should talk to me;

Sometimes he is the neighbour
I long the most to see:
Sometimes we meet together,
The season's dry and dull;
Sometimes we find a blessing,
With joy it fills my soul.

4 Sometimes I am oppress'd
By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
And view the promised land:
Sometimes I am in darkness,
Sometimes I'm in the light,
And then my soul is wing'd,
And upward speeds my flight.

Tune—CONFLICT, p. 112.

L. M.

1 Cor. 2. 9.

326.

1 **T**HERE is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

Tune—CONFLICT, p. 112.

L. M.

Psaln 125.

WHITEFIELD.

327.

1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our
praise!

Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Thy purposes from creature sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

4 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine [shine.
At length through every cloud shall

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

By Per. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

328.

6s & 4s.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee,

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

CONFLICT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

115

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, } FINE.
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O! my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; D. C.

329. 7s. Dbl. Deut. 33. 27.

2 Other refuge have I none.
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd, 1
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

330. 7s. Dbl. John 20. 11-16. NEWTON.
Weeping Mary.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

331. C. M.

Luke 9. 23.

ALLEN.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here ;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 5 Oh, precious cross ! oh, glorious crown !
Oh, resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

332.

C. M. Psalm 144. WATTS.
The Christian Soldier's Confidence in his King.

- 1 **F**OREVER blesséd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his Word
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

- 3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

333.

C. M. John 10. 28.
"They shall never perish."

- 1 **T**HE sinner that by precious faith
Has felt his sins forgiven,
Is from that moment pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heaven.
- 2 Though thousand snares enclose his
feet,
Not one shall hold him fast ;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get home at last.
- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives ;
He is no fickle friend ;
Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.
- 4 For Christ in every age has proved
His purchase firm and true ;
If this foundation be removed,
What must the righteous do ?
- 5 Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliss :
Whatever loss you bear beside,
Oh ! never give up this.

REDEMPTION. C. M.

1. When lan - gu - or and dis - ease in - vade This trem - bling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way.

334. C. M. 2 Cor. 12. 10. TOPLADY.
Sweetness of Submission.

- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward, to the place,
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on the promise of his grace
 For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
 And know no will but his.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their
 Directly, Lord, from thee! [bliss

335. C. M. Gen. 5. 24. COWPER.
Desiring a closer walk with God,

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God!
 A calm and heavenly frame!
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But now I feel an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You, who un - to Je - - sus for ref - uge have fled.

336. 11s. *Precious Promises.*

- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health;
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
 At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismay'd;
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

[Concluded on opp. page.]

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I *will* not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3s.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scatt-'ring, full and free, }
{ Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh-ing, Let some drop - pings fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.

337. 8s, 7s & 3s.
Longing for Divine Favor.

- 2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me!
Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, Oh! call me.
Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;

- Witnesser of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive, and rescue me!
Even me.
- 6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me.

COWPER. C. M.

MASON.

1. Ap - proach, my soul, the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus ans-wers pray'r; There

humb-ly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per-ish there, For none can per-ish there.

338. C. M. *1 Sam. 1. 18.* NEWTON.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest:
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face;
And tell him,—“Thou hast died.”
- 5 Oh! wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 “Poor tempest-toss’d soul, be still,
“My promised grace receive;”
’Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

339. C. M. *Matt. 6. 7.* NEEDHAM.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne:
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

- 2 Thou know’st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our prayers
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

340. C. M. *Psaln 65. 2.* MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul’s sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

I. How oft, a-las, this wretch-ed heart Has wan-der'd from the Lord;
How oft my rov-ing thoughts de-part, For-get-ful of his word!

341. C. M. *Jer. 3. 22.* STEELE.

- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "return,"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

342. C. M. *1 Cor. 6. 17.*

- 1 **D**EAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

- 4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

343. C. M. *For the Poor.* COWPER.

- 1 **W**HEN Hagar found the bottle spent
And wept o'er Ishmael,
A message from the Lord was sent
To guide her to a well.
- 2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruise
Convince us at this day,
A gracious God will not refuse
Provisions by the way?
- 3 His saints and servants shall be fed,
The promise is secure; [said,
"Bread shall be giv'n them," as he
"Their water shall be sure."
- 4 Repasts far richer they shall prove,
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis sweet to taste a Saviour's love,
Though in the meanest fare.
- 5 To Jesus then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor, and he is King,
You shall not be forgot.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "I. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell, I bid farewell, I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe... my weep-ing eyes."

- 344.** C. M. 2 Pet. 1. 10. *Assurance.* WATTS.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
 - 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
 - 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
- 345.** C. M. *Jer. 8. 22.*
- 1 **W**HO knows but such an one as I
May grace and mercy find?
I hear the God of Israel
Is merciful and kind.
 - 2 My soul has many ghastly wounds,
Yet dare I not despair,
While there is balm in Gilead,
And a physician there.
- 3 That I might march to Canaan's land,
The gospel trumpet sounds:
My day still shines, my tent is fixed
Within salvation's bounds.
 - 4 The door is shut, but is not barr'd,
And he that is within
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,
And strive to enter in.
 - 5 Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock
Until the door be ope;
Nor will I stir a foot from hence,
It is a door of hope.
- 346.** C. M. *At Opening a Prayer Meeting.*
- 1 **T**HE hour of prayer once more is come!
Once more, O Lord, we meet!
Thanks to thy name, there yet is room
To bow beneath thy feet.
 - 2 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and prejudice remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.
 - 3 Father, assist their souls, who may
Upon thee further call;
Banish the fear of man away,
And smile upon us all.

Tune—NETTLETON, p. 61.

347. 8s & 7s. Dbl.

1 **B**RETHREN, we have met to wor-
ship,

And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

2 Look, and see poor sinners round you
Trembling on the brink of woe;

Death is coming; how alarming!
Can you bear to let them go?
Let us tell them of the Saviour:
Tell them that he may be found;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

3 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and filled with fears,
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Let us join our prayers to help them;
Let our faith and love abound;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God their souls renew;
Then we'll love them still the better
Take them to our kind embrace,
Journey with them on to glory,
There to sing redeeming grace

Tune—AUTUMN, p. 51.

348. 8s & 7s. Dbl. BURNHAM.
1 *The*s. 5. 17.

1 **D**EAREST Lord, thou hast com-
manded
All thy family to pray;
Promised good thou hast appointed
Through this medium to convey.

Yes, to all thy praying people.
Thou hast promised to appear,
And thy wondrous condescension
Honors much the path of prayer.

2 Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,
On thy promise we rely:
Comfort every mourning spirit,
Answer every feeble cry.
From thy glorious throne of mercy
Heavenly cordials now impart;
Exercise thy tender pity
O'er the sinner's broken heart.

3 May we all, who love the Saviour,
Often to his throne repair;
Feel the sweets of his compassion,
While engaged in solemn prayer.
Lord, attend our supplications,
Let thy mercies on us roll:
Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,
Smile on every praying soul.

Tune—LABAN, p. 127.

349. S. M. *Heb.* 10. 19-22.

1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt —
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

By Per. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

D. C. 1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re- turn, sweet

world hour of care, And bids me at my Fa- ther's throne, Make
hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By

FINE.

all thy my wants and wish- es known: In sea- sons of dis-
re- turn, sweet hour of prayer!

D. C.

truss and grief, My soul has oft- en found re- lief,

350.

L. M. Dbl.

W. W. WALFORD.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek his face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

PRAYER MEETINGS.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

351. L. M. STOWELL.
Ex. 25. 22.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though Sundered far, by faith they
meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!
- 5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

- 2 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 3 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

352. L. M. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

- I PRAYER makes the darkened cloud
withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

353. L. M. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships.*

- I WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous
gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O, let thy heavenly breezes blow.
- 2 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.
- 3 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.



1. Brethren, we have met a - gain, Let us join to pray and sing;
 Christ our bless - ed Sav - iour reigns, Praise him in the high - est strains.

354. 7s.

- 2 Many days and weeks have past,
 Since we met together last,
 Yet our lives do still remain;
 Here on earth we meet again.
- 3 Many of our friends are gone
 To their long eternal home;
 We are waiting here below;
 Soon we after them shall go.
- 4 Brethren, tell me how you do:
 Does your love continue true?
 Are you waiting for your King,
 When he shall return again?
- 5 If you wish to know of me,
 How I am, or what I be,
 Here I am—behold who will—
 Sure I am a sinner still.
- 6 Weak and wounded, sick and lame,
 All unholy, all unclean;
 Yet I would from sin be free,
 And the Lord remember me.

355. 7s.

- 1 PRECIOUS Jesus, must it be,
 Is it thy all-wise decree?

- That afflictions must attend,
 Zion to her journey's end?
- 2 Must the heirs of endless bliss,
 Travel through a wilderness,
 And with savage beasts of prey,
 Be tormented night and day?
- 3 Yes, affliction is their lot,
 Earth is a polluted spot;
 Where a world of evils dwell,
 All in league with sin and hell.
- 4 All its springs and streams are such,
 That pollute whate'er they touch;
 Death is in its air, 'tis said,
 Poison in its finest bread.
- 5 Pains and sorrows, sins and woes,
 Will the Christian's way oppose;
 Every day brings something new,
 Zion's troubles to renew.
- 6 Yet, when faith is strong and true,
 They with cheerfulness go through,
 Scorning all created good,
 When opposed to Christ their God.

LABAN. S. M.

MASON.

1. Now from the world with - drawn, For in - ter - course with thee,

May each, O Lord, be - fore thy throne, From earth - ly cares be free.

356. S. M. *1 John 1. 3.*

- 2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.
- 3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.
- 4 Then, in our latter end,
If death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

357. S. M. *The Ark of Safety.* **MUHLBERG.**

- 1 **L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above,
The cheerless waters found;
- 2 Oh! cease; my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;

- Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.
- 5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then, rest on Zion's hill.

358. S. M. *Psalm 51. 17.* **RIPPON.**

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes; [thing,
Thou may'st reject that worthless
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

CHARLESTOWN. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by T. B. A.

1. "Mer - cy, O thou Son of Da - vid," Thus blind Bar - ti - me - us cried;
2. For his cry - ing ma - ny chid him, But he cried the loud - er still,

"Oth - ers by thy grace are sav - ed, O vouch - safe to me thine aid."
Till his gra - cious Sav - iour bid him, "Come and ask me what you will."

359.

8s & 7s. DBL.
Mark 10. 47.

NEWTON.

- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
Yet he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he could give:
- 4 "Lord, remove the grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"
- 6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
Or could be advised by me!
Sure if they were brought unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

360.

8s & 7s.
Mark 5. 39, 42.

NEWTON.

- 1 COULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of prayer;
Few, if any, came to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-despair.
- 2 Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.
- 3 Thus the ruler, when his daughter
Suffered much though Christ was
nigh,
Still deferred it, till he thought her
At the very point to die.
- 4 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
How determined is thy love!
Not this rude, unkind behaviour,
Could thy gracious purpose move.
- 5 Fear not then, distressed believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same.
- 6 Can his pity or his power
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s & 7s.

CHAS. C. CONVERSE.

By Per.

I. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

Oh! what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh! what needless pain we bear;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.

361.

8s & 7s.

Prov. 18. 24.

II. BONAR.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

1. 'Twas with an ev - er - last - ing love That God his own e - lect em-braced,

Be - fore he made the worlds a - bove, Or earth on her huge col - umns placed.

362. L. M.
Everlasting Love to the Church.

KENT.

- 2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then in the glass of his decrees
Christ and his bride appeared as one;
Her sin, by imputation, his;—
Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.
- 4 O love! how high thy glories swell!
How great, immutable and free;
Ten thousand sins as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, by thee!
- 5 Loved when a wretch, defiled with sin,
At war with heaven, in league with hell,
A slave to every lust obscene,
Who, living, lived but to rebel.
- 6 Believer, here thy comfort stands—
From first to last salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

Whose kindness never shall remove
From those he condescends to love.

- 2 With all his saints his covenant stood,
And now 'tis seal'd with Jesus' blood;
His faithfulness shall still endure,
His promises forever sure.
- 3 What though the earth's foundation
move,
There's nought can change eternal love:
Let death dissolve our feeble frame,
In life and death ne is the same.
- 4 When called to pass that dreary vale,
With trembling steps and visage pale,
What sweet companions on the road!
A peaceful mind! a smiling God!

364. L. M. *Psalm 117.* WATTS.

363. L. M. *Psalm 23. 4.*

- 1 **I**N grateful songs we will record,
The truth and mercy of the Lord;

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

365. L. M. *Psalm 30. 5.* WATTS.

- I I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
 I At thy command diseases fly;
 Who but a God can speak and save
 From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
 And tell how large his goodness is;
 Let all your powers rejoice, and bless,
 While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
 His love is life, and length of days:
 Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
 The morning star restores the joy.

366. L. M. *Christ exalted.—Acts. 5. 31.* STEELE.

- 1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
 Oh! may we feel the sacred flame,
 And every heart and every tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expired,
 Who died for rebels; yes, 'tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how ad-
 mired!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we may live,
 Died in the wretched traitor's place:
 Oh! what returns can mortals give
 For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store,
 Nature and art, with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor!
- 6 Yet, though for bounty so divine
 We ne'er can equal honors raise,
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy
 praise.

Tune—THE SOLID ROCK, p. 30.

367. L. M. 6 lines.
 2 Cor. 5. 14.

- I O LORD, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue
 declare;
 Then bend my wayward heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
 From thee, my Lord, I all receive—
 ||: Thine, wholly thine, alone I'd live :||
- 2 O Lord, how cheering is thy way!
 How blest, how gracious in mine eyes!
 Care, anguish, sorrow pass away,
 And fear before thy presence flies!
 Lord Jesus, nothing would I see,
 ||: Nothing desire, apart from thee. :||
- 3 'Mid conflict, be thy love my peace,
 In weakness, be thy love my strength;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 And thou from heaven shall come at
 length,
 O Jesus, then this heart shall be
 ||: For ever satisfied with thee. :||

Tune—MERIBAH, p. 165.

368. C. P. M.
 2 Cor. 5. 14.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my longing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 Oh! may I pant and thirst to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love—
 The love of Christ to me!
- 2 God only knows the love of God:
 Oh! that it more were shed abroad
 In this poor longing heart!
 For love I'd sigh—for love I'd pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine:
 Be mine the better part.
- 3 Oh! that I may for ever sit,
 Like Mary, at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, my only bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 Oh! that I may, like favored John,
 Recline my wearied head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

WONDRONS LOVE. P. M.

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
D. S. For my soul,

FINE.

What won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is
 To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul!

this, that caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my soul,
D. S.

369.

P. M.

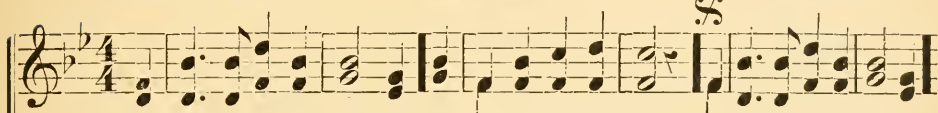
- 2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
 When I was sinking down, sinking down;
 When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul.
 Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news, bear the news,
 Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news,
 Ye winged seraphs, fly, like comets through the sky,
 Fill vast eternity with the news, with the news.
 Fill vast eternity with the news.
- 4 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing.
 To God and to the Lamb, and to the Great I AM,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing.
 While millions join the theme, I will sing.
- 5 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise,
 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise;
 Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise.
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise,

6 And when from death we're free, we'll sing on, we'll sing on,
 And when from death we're free, we'll sing on;
 And when from death we're free, we'll sing and joyful be,
 And in eternity we'll sing on, we'll sing on.
 And in eternity we will sing on.

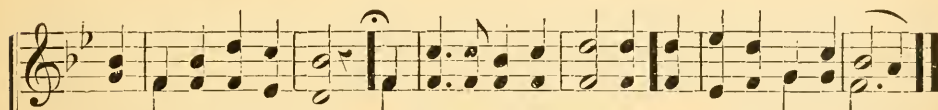
7 And when to that bright world we arrive, we arrive,
 And when to that bright world we arrive,
 When to that world we go, free from all pain and woe,
 We'll join the happy throng, and sing on, and sing on.
 We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

WEBB.



I. Oh! Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams on earth I've
 D. S. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth ^{tasted,}



More deep I'll drink a - bove: There, to an o - cean full-ness, His mer-cy doth ex-pand,
 In my Im-manuel's land. D. S.



370. 7s & 6s. Dbl.
Psalm 85. 9.

2 Oh! I am my Beloved's,
 And my Beloved's mine!
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into his "house of wine!"
 I stand upon his merit,
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In my Immanuel's land,

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear Bridgroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of Grace—
 Not at the crown he giveth,
 But on his piercéd hand—
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of my Immanuel's land,

THE LOVE OF GOD.

O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE. Hs.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY

1. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
2. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine, No long - er in

crim - son tide opened for me! O'er sin and un - cleanness ex - ult - ing I stand,
dread con - dem - na - tion I pine; In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace

CHORUS.

And point to the print of the nails in His hand. } O, sing of His mighty love,
Who lift - eth up - on me the smiles of His face. }

Sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love - might - y to save.

371.

Hs.

F. BOTTOME.

3 O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

CHO: O, sing of His mighty love, &c.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!

CHO: O, sing of His mighty love, &c.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

135

FREDERICK. Hs.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
 storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings that
 dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

372.

Job. 7. 16.

MUHLENBERG.

- 2 I would not live always, thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live always; no—welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live always, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns,
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

KINGWOOD. C. P. M.

HUMPHREYS.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the

whirling spheres, Fly rap - id as the whirl-ing spheres, A - round the stea d - y pole;

Time, like the tide, its mo - tion keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps,

And I must launch thro' end - less deeps, Where end - less a - - ges roll.

373. C. P. M.

2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,
 || : How swift the moments pass between, :||
 And whisper as they fly;
 Unthinking man, remember this,
 || : (Though fond of sublunary bliss,) :||
 That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
 || : Thine earthly tent must shortly fall, :||
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 || : To sing above as angels do, :||
 Or sink in endless night.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

137

THE LITTLE BABE IS GONE TO REST. L. M. D.

Arr. by T. B. A.

1. The lit - tle babe is gone to rest, To reign with God for - ev - er blest;
Its lit - tle tongue will al - ways praise A Sav - our's love, re - deem - ing grace.

2. Far from a world of sin and strife, It now en - joys a heav'n - ly life;

And joins to praise, and shout, and sing, And make the heav'n - ly arch - es ring.

374. L. M.
Death of an Infant.

- 3 Could we but hear its little tongue
So sweetly sing the heavenly song;
Could we but see its smiling face
Delighted with the happy place;
- 4 We could not wish it back again,
But say, dear babe, with God remain;
We'll try to gain that peaceful shore,
Where those who meet shall part no more.
- 5 || : Now let us strive the prize to gain;
Let's come to Christ, with him remain;
Then we shall share in Jesus' love,
And meet the little babe above. :||

375. L. M.
Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
To yonder throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below, [place.
Spread heavenly joys through all the

MANOAH. C. M.

"GREATOR EX COLL"

I. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

376.

C. M.

WATTS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.</p> <p>3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.</p> <p>4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?</p> <p>5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.</p> <p>6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!</p> | <p>2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.</p> <p>3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.</p> <p>4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the
To push us to the tomb; [ground,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.</p> <p>5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.</p> <p>6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!</p> |
|--|--|

377.

C. M.

Psalm 39.

WATTS.

- I **T**HREE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

378. C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eyes,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly;
- 2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind,
I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
And leave the world behind.
- 3 I view the monster, death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;
- 4 I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.
- 5 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
- 6 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

379. C. M. *Psalm 39.* WATTS.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?

They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

380. C. M.
A Wife bereaved of her Husband.

- 1 MY head and stay is took away,
And I am left alone—
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is took away and gone.
- 2 It grieves my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to tell my woe,
Or ease my troubled mind?
- 3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days;
Much comfort we did find:
But he is gone, his glass is run,
And I am left behind.
- 4 Nought can I find to ease my mind,
Of things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.
- 5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast;
And leave my sorrows all behind,
And be for ever blest.

381. C. M.
The Christian desiring to be with Christ.

- 1 LET death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design:
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend,
To him be highest glory paid
In ages without end.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.

382.

L. M.

1 Thess. 4. 14.

MRS. MACKAY.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

383.

L. M.

BATHURST.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with
power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

384.

L. M.

John 19. 41.

ANON.

- 1 **D**EAR is the spot where Christians
sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh! why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before
- 3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.
- 4 To Jordan's bank when'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the right - eous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest!
 How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gen - tly heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast!

385. L. M.

BARBAULD.

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace pro-
 found
 Which the unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate
 dwell; [pears!
 How bright the unchanging morn ap-
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

386. L. M.

Ecc.. 12. 7.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes

- Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
 Passed thro' the grave and blessed the
 bed: [throne
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his
 The morning break, and pierce the
 shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
 Restore thy trust: a glorious form
 Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

387. L. M.

Heb. 2. 15.

WATTS

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she past.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob - tained the prize,
And on the ea - gle wings of love, To joy ce - les - tial rise.

388. C. M. *Eph. 3. 15.*

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our king,
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

389. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful
My ears, attend the cry; [sound,
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning
To fit our souls to fly; [grace,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

390. C. M. *Job. 14. 1.*

- 1 **H**OW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all his bloom,
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finished in the tomb.
- 2 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born;
Thy doom is written—dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return.
- 3 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.
- 4 To serve thy God, no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow mercy's open gate,
May be forever barred.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

VARINA. C. M. D.

By Per. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign.
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - ring flow - ers;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav - en - ly land from ours.

391. C. M. Deut. 34. 1.

WATTS.

392. C. M. 1 Thess. 4. 13.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore,

- 1 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest
According to His word.
- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep:
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless can not weep.
- 3 How bright the resurrection morn
On all the saints will break!
The Lord himself will then return,
His ransomed Church to take.
- 4 Or raised or changed His saints will
All grief and care removed: [meet,
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay?

And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould - ring in the clay?

393. S. M. *Death and the Resurrection.*

- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

394. S. M. *Isa. 3. 10.* KENT.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and in eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die,

- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

395. S. M. *John 16. 33.* MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce the either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

IOWA. 8s.

By Per. A. D. FILLMORE.

I. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed, But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?

396. 8s.

- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?
- 4 Oh Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

397. 8s.

- 1 **M**Y days are extinguished and gone,
My time as a shadow is fled,
And gladly I lay myself down
To rest with the peaceable dead.
- 2 The dead ever-living attend,
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
And many a glorified friend
Is ready to welcome me home.
- 3 My days are all vanished away,
Broke off the designs of my heart,
No longer on death I delay,
Nor linger, as loth to depart.

- 4 Resolved in my Lord to abide,
This purpose I know shall remain,
And trust to be found at his side,
And Jesus eternally gain.

398. 8s. WHITEFIELD'S COL.
Death of a Brother.—REV. 14. 13.

- 1 **H**OW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind!
- 2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
- 3 This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids that he seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in the sweetest repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
- 5 These fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { There is a land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way }
 { From ev 'ry eye, by God's own hand, And night is turned to day. }

2. { There is a home, a hap - py home, Where way - ward trav - lers rest; }
 { Where toil and lan - guor nev - er come, And ev - 'ry mourn - er's blest. }

CHORUS. *f*

O come, an - gel band, Come and a - round me stand, O,

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home, O,

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal (home).

399. C. M.

3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
 A safe and quiet shore,
 Where weary mariners resort,
 And hear the storms no more.

CHORUS: O come, angel band, &c,

4 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
 That crown of glory bright;
 Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
 And every burden light.

CHORUS: O come, angel band, &c.

400. C. M. *The Promised Land.* STENNETT.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There, generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks
and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling wind, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'll launch away.

Tune—VARINA, p. 143.

401. C. M. *Reflections at the Death of a Friend.* STEELE.

- 1 WHEN those we love are snatched
away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

Tune—ELTHAM, p. 162.

402. 7s. 6 Lines. *Death of a Child.*

- 1 WHEREFORE should I make my
moan,
Now my darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.
- 2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own;
Surely what he wills is best,
Happy in his will, I rest.
- 2 Faith cries out, It is the Lord!
Let him do as seems him good;
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed,
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, forever thine.

403. 7s. 6 Lines. *DOXOLOGY.*

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Moth-er, has the dove that nest-led Lov-ing-ly up-on thy breast,
 Fold-ed up its lit-tle pin-ions, And in dark-ness gone to rest?

404. 8s & 7s.

- 2 Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
 But the lost one is not there,
 Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
 Floating on the ambient air?
- 3 It is near thee, gentle mother,
 Near thee at the evening hour;
 Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
 It looks up from every flower.
- 4 And when night's dark shadows fleeing
 Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
 And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
 Then thy angel babe is there.

405. 8s & 7s.

- 1 **S**ISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low;
 Thou no more wilt join our number,
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;

But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
 He can all our sorrows heal.

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled;
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

406. 8s & 7s.

COLLYER.

- I **C**EASE, ye mourners, cease to lan-
 guish
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain and death, and night, and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely through night's deepening
 shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness there no more can come;
 There, no fear of woe, intruding,
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

HEAVEN AND HOME.

149

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning sin-ners giv'n; There is a joy for

souls distressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wounded breast: 'Tis found a - bove—in heaven.

407. C. M. *Rev. 21. 3, 4.*

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

2 Heaven is the home where spirits
dwell,
Who wandered here awhile,
||: And, "seeing things invisible," :||
Departed with a smile.

3 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives,
To plead his dying blood,
||: While to his prayers the Father
gives :||
An unknown multitude.

4 Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
||: Where faith and hope in rapture
die; :||
There's perfect bliss above.

408. C. M. *Psalm 16. 11.*

1 **H** EAVEN is the land where troubles
cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
||: The sunny clime of rest and peace, :||
Where cares distract no more.

409. C. M. DOXOLOGY.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye heavenly
host:
The same on earth be done;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great, the good Three-One.

LAND OF REST. C. M.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home?

And dwell in peace at home,?..... And dwell in peace at home?

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?

410. C. M. *Longing for Home.*

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I would at once have quit the field
Where foes with fury foam,
But, ah! my passport was not sealed;
I could not yet go home.
- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

- 6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

411. C. M. *Philip. 1. 23.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I tried terrestrial joys,
But here can find no rest:
Far from its vanity and noise,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 2 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes,
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 3 When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heavenly feast:
Such dainties crown his royal board,
"To be with Christ is best."

4 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refreshed;
What can obstruct me when I know,
"To be with Christ is best?"

5 There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here; but oh! to be,
"To be with Christ is best."

NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.

1. I love to think of heaven, Where white-robed an-gels are;
CHORUS. There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there;

Where many a friend is gath-ered safe, From fear, and toil, and care.
In heav'n a-bore, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

412. S. M.

- 2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—CHO.
- 3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home; [ne'er fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
And all our joys are one.—CHO.
- 4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—CHO.
- 5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
Oh! how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.—CHO.

413. S. M. *The Dying Saint.*

- 1 **O** SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.—CHO.
- 2 When the last moment comes,
Oh! watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.—CHO.
- 3 Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.—CHO.
- 4 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.—CHO.

GOING HOME. L. M.

WILLIAM MILLER.

1, My heavenly home is bright and fair; No pain nor death can en - ter there; }
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heavenly man - sion shall be mine. }

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,

To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

414. L. M.

WM. HUNTER.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be. CHOR.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure. CHOR.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne. CHOR.
- 5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mausion stands for me. CHOR.

His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say:
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the Way!"
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

415. L. M.

JOHN CENNICK.

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;

HEAVEN AND HOME.

153

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

WM. McDONALD.

1. In the Christlan's home In glo - ry, There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be-

CHORUS.

fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest. { There is rest for the wea - ry, There is
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the

rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you. }

416. 8s & 7s.

SAM. Y. HARMER.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.—CHO.
- 3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.—CHO.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh! ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.—CHO.
- 5 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you, [through.
You shall find an entrance CHO.

417. 8s & 7s.

HORATIO BONAR.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.—CHO.
- 2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.—CHO.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepnerd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.—CHO.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.—CHO.

HEAVEN AND HOME.

OVER THERE.

By Per. T. C. O'KANE.

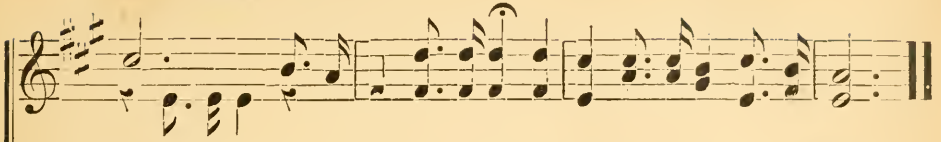
1. Oh! think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. Oh! think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
 3. My Sa - viour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at

light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; o - ver there, Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me

robed in their gar - ments of white, o - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God, In their
 fly to the land of the blest, o - ver there,

there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver
 Oh, think of the friends o - ver there,
 o - ver there, My Sa - viour is now o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

OVER THERE. (Concluded.)



there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there.
 o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sa viour is now o - ver there.



418.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

5 We'll all meet again over there,
 When the trials of life are all o'er;
 With the ransomed eternally share
 The bliss on that beautiful shore.
 Over there, over there,
 We'll all meet again over there.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN CHANT.



419.

1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name;
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, . . as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
 And forgive us our trespasses. as we forgive | them that | tres- . . pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A - - | men.

HEAVEN AND HOME.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. 8s & 7s. By Per. R. LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

420.

8s & 7s.

R. LOWRY.

- 3 On the bosom of the river,
 Where the Saviour-king we own,
 We shall meet, and sorrow never
 Neath the glory of the throne.—CHO.
- 4 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.—CHO.

- 5 At the smiling of the river,
 Rippling with the Saviour's face,
 Saints, whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.—CHO.
- 6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.—CHO.

HOME. 11s. | 1st. || 2d. ||

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, } saints! To find at the banquet of
 How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with..... }

FINE.

mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home! Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 D. S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home. D. S.

421.

11s.

The Saints' Home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
 And thrice blessèd Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory at home.
 Home, home, &c.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
 Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
 All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
 Home, home, &c.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission and strength as my day;
 In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 Home, home, &c.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
 Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne
 And find even now a foretaste of my home.
 Home, home, &c.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
 And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

THE SAINTS' ETERNAL HOME.

Arr. from MRS. S. W. HARRIS.

1. The groan - - - ing earth is too dark and drear

For the saints' e - ter - nal home; But the cit - y of heav'n will
D. S. Joy - ous and bright our

soon ap - - pear, We know that the mo - - ment is
homes may be, For we'll walk in the shad - - ow of

FINE.

draw - ing near, When she in her glo - ry will come;
life's fair tree, With a Sa - viour for - ev - er near.

HEAVEN AND HOME.

159

THE SAINTS' ETERNAL HOME. (Concluded.)

The musical score consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has the lyrics: "Her gates of pearl... we soon shall see,". The second system has the lyrics: "The mu - sic we soon shall hear; D. S.". The music is in a minor key and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

422.

2 I'd gladly exchange a world like this,
 Where death triumphant reigns,
 For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,
 Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
 And nothing can there give us pains.
 There's no more sorrow, and no more night,
 The darkness shall flee away;
 For the Crucified Lamb is the glorious light,
 And the saints shall walk with him in white
 / In that happy eternal home.

3 Oh! there the loved of earth will meet,
 Whom death hath sundered here,
 Prophets and Patriarchs there we'll greet,
 And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,
 No more separation to fear.
 Though trials and grief await us here,
 The warfare will soon be o'er;
 This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer,
 We know that the Saviour will soon appear,
 And then we shall grieve no more.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

By Per.

L. MASON.

1. {I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home;} {Dan-ger and sor-row stand
{Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home;}

Round me on ev-ry hand; Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.

423.

6s & 4s.

Heaven is my Home.

- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Tune—HAPPY LAND, opp. page.

424.

P. M.

Rev. 21. 4.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,

- Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

HAPPY LAND. P. M.

Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry! Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus, our Lord is nigh!

Wake, brethren, wake! Sleep is for sons of night, Ye are chil - dren

of the light, Yours is the glo - ry bright! Wake, brethren, wake!

425. P. M. *Matt. 24. 42.*

- 2 Call to each waking band,
 Watch, brethren, watch!
 Clear is our Lord's command!
 Watch, brethren, watch!
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at the Master's gate,
 E'en though He tarry late!
 Watch, brethren, watch!
- 3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 Pray, brethren, pray!
 Would ye His heart rejoice?
 Pray, brethren, pray!

Sin calls for constant fear,
 Weakness needs the strong One near,
 Long as ye struggle here!
 Pray, brethren, pray!

- 4 Now sound the final chord,
 Praise, brethren, praise!
 'Thrice holy is our Lord,
 Praise, brethren, praise!
 What more befits the tongues
 Soon to lead the angel's songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs—
 Praise, brethren, praise.

ELTHAM. 7s. (For 7s. Dbl. repeat first brace.) By Per. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. "Till He come!"—Oh! let the words Lin - ger on the trem - bling chords;
D. C. Let us think, how heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"

Let the "lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
D. C.

426. 7s. 6 Lines.

- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When the words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come!"
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"
- 4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

427. 7s. Dbl. C. WESLEY.

- 1 COME, Desire of nations, come;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;

Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.
Thou who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

- 2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days,
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan.
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in,
Filled with righteousness divine;
Claim a ransomed world for thine!
- 3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed:
Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more!
Reign, when death no more shall be!
Reign to all eternity!

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake, The mountains to their cen - tre shake.

And, with-'ring from the vault of night, The stars shall
And with-'ring from,

pale their fee - ble light, The stars shall pale their fee - - ble light.

428. L. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.</p> | <p>4 Can this be he, who went to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?</p> |
| <p>3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.</p> | <p>5 While sinners in despair shall call,
“Rocks, hide us; mountains on us fall!”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “The Lord is come!”</p> |

1. { Lo! he comes with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain! }
 { Thousand, thousand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train! }

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.

429.

8s, 7s and 4s.
Zech. 12. 10.

C. WESLEY.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty!
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransomed worshipers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on these glorious scars!
- 4 Lo! the last long separation,
 As the cleaving crowds divide,
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side!
 Lord of mercy!
 How shall I that day abide?
- 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
 Men and angels
 Kneel and bow to thee alone!

430.

8s, 7s & 4s.
Rom. 8. 22, 23.

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease;
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!
- 2 Though once cradled in a manger,
 Off no pillow but the sod;
 Here an alien and a stranger,
 Mocked of men, though Son of God,
 All creation
 Yet shall own thy kingly rod.
- 3 Long thine exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and thee;
 But, in heavenly vestures shining,
 They shall soon thy glory see.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Haste the joyous Jubilee!
- 4 With that "blesséd hope" before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty Advent-chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
 Hallelujah!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

431. *8s, 7s & 4s.*
1 Thess. 4. 17.

1 'MID the splendors of the glory
Which we hope ere long to share,
Christ our Head, and we, his members,
Shall appear divinely fair;
O how glorious!
When we meet him in the air!

2 From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause;
And for all his blood-bought myriads
His is love that knows no pause.
Matchless Lover!
Changeless as th' eternal laws!

3 Oh! what gifts shall we be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of
white,
When the hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladdened sight,
And our Saviour
Makes us glorious through his might.

4 Bright the prospect soon that greets us
Of that longed-for nuptial day, [us
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets
On his kingly, conquering way;
In the glory,
Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

432. *C. P. M.* HUNTINGDON.
1 Thess. 4. 16, 17.

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;

Thy pardoning voice, oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thine an-cient peo-ple, Lord, Are scat-tered far and near;

Oh! come and let them hear thy word, And gath-er from a-far.

* The small notes are for the Organ.

433. S. M.

M. J. SEARS.

- 2 Let saints of every name
Be gathered unto thee;
Come and begin thy glorious reign,
Let us thy Kingdom see.
- 3 Oh! come, most gracious Lord,
Come down to earth again;
Fulfill the promise of thy word,
A thousand years to reign.
- 4 Then shall thy saints arise,
And sit on thrones above;
Shall reign with Jesus in the skies,
Shall dwell in Jesus' love.

- 3 How shall I meet those eyes?
Mine on himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize:
Mercy from first to last.
- 4 "Knowing as I am known!"
How shall I love that word!
How oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"
- 5 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory—
Once more: "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

434. S. M.

1 Thess. 4. 17.

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself shall come
And shout a quickening word;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb:
"Forever with the Lord."
- 2 Then as we upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be our shout of victory:
"Forever with the Lord."

435. S. M.

1 Thess. 1. 9, 10.

- 1 **T**HE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
- 2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good, [Church,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering
Her sighs and tears and blood?

- 3 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved and died;
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side.
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn;
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 We long to hear thy voice,
 To see thee face to face,
 To share thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share thy grace,
- 6 Come, Lord! and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.

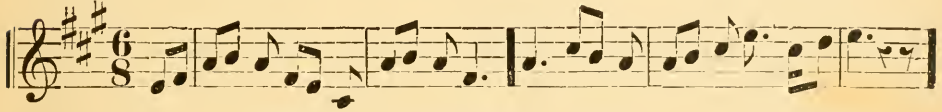
436. S M.
Preparation for the Judgment.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead, [sound,
 Hark! from the gospel's cheering
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there!

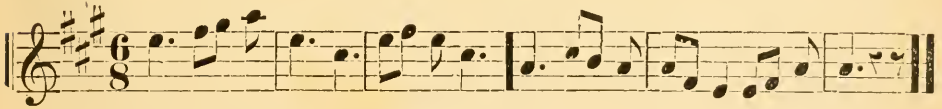
ZION'S WATCHMAN. L.M.

Words and Music by T. B. A.

SOLO.



1. Be - hold the watchman on the wall, How earn-est he the chil-dren calls,



And as the bu - sy throng goes by, Still un - a - bat - ed hear him cry.

437.

- 2 Come, friendly sinner, here below!
 What do you think that you will do,
 When Gabriel's trump aloud shall
 sound?
 Oh! where will your poor soul be found?
- 3 There is a place of joy sublime,
 Far beyond the bound of time;
 And when that trump aloud shall blow,
 We'll reach that clime or dwell in woe.
- 4 Oh! may the Spir't unfold to you
 The dangerous road you now pursue,
 And may the Saviour by his grace
 Reveal to you his smiling face.
- 5 All praise to thee our Saviour dear,
 Whose love and mercy brought us here;
 We knew not thee, hadst thou not come,
 And brought us wandering children
 home.

SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King! Let
 ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room,.... And heaven and nature sing, And
 And heaven and na - ture
 heaven and na - ture sing,..... And heaven and na - ture sing.
 sing,.....
 sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

438. C. M. *Psalm 98, 2nd. part.* WATTS.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
 and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and
 grace;
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

439. C. M. *Col. 3. 4.*

- 1 LONG hath the night of sorrow reigned,
 The dawn shall bring us light:
 Christ shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.
- 2 Then shall we see our absent Lord—
 Shall know him and rejoice:
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs his voice.
- 3 As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round;
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 4 So shall his presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light:
 That hallowed morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

440. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 **H**ARK! the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
The welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

441. C. M. *John 3. 29.*

1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, 'is thine,
And heir of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes—for, oh! his yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his Bride away.

5 Thou, too, shalt reign—he will not
His crown of joy alone! [wear
And earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.

6 Then weep no more — 'tis all thine
own—

His crown, his joy divine,
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine.

442. C. M. *Matt. 24. 44.* WATTS.

1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent! thy end is nigh:
Death at the farthest can't be far:
Oh! think before you die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount;
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls, to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

443. C. M. FRANKLIN.

1 **T**HU church, O Lord, that's planted
To make it to increase [here,
With numbers, blessed with filial fear,
Enjoying heavenly peace.

2 O may we all, dear Lord, as one
United ever be,
Rejoicing in what Christ has done,
Who groaned upon the tree.

3 May all each other's burdens bear,
Be simple, meek, and kind,
And keep us safe from every snare,
And all of humble mind.

1 Oh! gracious Fa - - ther, God of love, Descend from thy bright throne a - bove,

And... draw my mind from earth to thee; For this I cry, re - mem - ber me!

For..... this I cry. re - - member me, re - - mem - ber me!

444. L. M.

JOHN AXFORD.

- 2 O blesséd Jesus, now on high,
Clothed in thy robes of majesty,
My feeble voice I raise to thee,
|| : And humbly say, remember me! : ||
- 3 O Holy Spirit, "Paraclete,"
Come thou and guide my erring feet
From this wide wilderness to thee,
|| : And do, I pray, remember me! : ||
- 4 Almighty, glorious, sovereign God,
Whose power extends to all abroad,

Thou great mysterious One-in-Three,
|| : I humbly pray, O think of me! : ||

- 5 When in affliction's path I pine,
And cannot see a single sign,
Wearied and sad though I may be,
|| : I still would pray, remember me! : ||

- 6 And when this body is laid down,
In weakness though it will be sown,
In power 'twill soon be raised by thee,
|| : To sing of all thy thoughts of me. : ||

445. L. M. Dent. 33. 25. FAWCETT.
As thy Days so shall thy Strength be.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee
 That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 How shall I stand the trying day?
 He has engaged, by firm decree,
 That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
 And, if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
 For as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 5 When called to bear the mighty cross,
 Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
 Or deep distress or poverty,
 Still as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy Spirit free,
 And as thy days thy strength shall be.

446. L. M. W. THOMPSON.
The Peace of Zion.

- 1 **C**OME saints, attend and hear me tell
 How God regards his Israel;
 How he has saved them from distress,
 For God delights his church to bless.
- 2 He is her Shepherd, and will keep
 A constant watch o'er all his sheep;
 Submit yourselves, your lives, your all,
 To Jesus, and attend his call.
- 3 Zion shall triumph in her King,—
 Her Rock and Tower she still shall sing;
 For in his name she shall abide,
 And shelter in his wounded side.
- 4 O Jesus, Shepherd! condescend
 To be thy chosen people's friend;
 O keep thy church in union sweet,
 In love and harmony complete.

447. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

448. L. M. *Tune—CEPHAS, p. 3.* H. K. WHITE.

- 1 **W**HEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode; [dark,
 The storm was loud, the night was
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering
 bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
 When suddenly a star arose: [stem;
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's
 It led me to the port of peace. [thrall
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

LENOX. H. M.

J. EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come,

The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home!

449.

H. M.

Isa. 27. 13.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
 : The year of jubilee is come, :
Return, ye ransomed-sinners, home!</p> <p>3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
 : The year of jubilee is come, :
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!</p> | <p>4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
 : The year of jubilee is come, :
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!</p> <p>5 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest—
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
 : The year of jubilee is come, :
Return, ye ransomed sinners home!</p> |
|---|---|

450. H. M.

- 1 **Y**E ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
||: Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, :||
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
||: To cleanse us all, both you and me : :||
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure
And perfected in love:
||: Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, :||
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
||: Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, :||
We shall from all our sins be free.

451. H. M. C. WESLEY.
In Christ.—Heb. 7. 22.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
||: Before the throne my Surety stands : :||
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
||: His blood atoned for all our sins, :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child—
I can no longer fear;
||: His Spirit answers to the blood, :||
And tells me “Thou art born of God.”

452. H. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
||: His powerful blood did once atone, :||
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:
||: Not all that earth or hell can say :||
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

453. H. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return!
Lord, make these moments blest.
||: From the low train of mortal toys :||
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
||: Let sinners feel thy quickening
word, :||
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
||: Then shall my soul new life obtain, :||
Nor sabbaths be indulged in vain.

454. H. M. DOXOLOGY.

- T**O God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
||: With all our powers, Eternal King, :||
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

By Per. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1: I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;

Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS,

Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain: He washed it white as snow.

455.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.</p> <p>3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.</p> | <p>4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.</p> <p>5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet,—CHO.</p> |
|---|--|

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 Lines.

HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
 D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound ed side that flowed,

D. C.

456. 7s. 6 Lines. *John 19. 34.* TOPLADY.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands,
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee.

What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear!—
 "Love's redeeming work is done—
 Come and welcome, sinners, come!

- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On my piercéed body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid—
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest bounty stored;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Thou shalt be a child confessed,
 Never from his house to roam;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
 Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to my eternal home—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

457. 7s. 6 Lines. *John 19. 30.* HAWEIS.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, - Zi on, long in hos - tile lands; } Mourning

cap - tive! God him - self shall loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God him - self shall loose thy bands.

458.

8s, 7s & 4s.
Isa. 52. 7.

KELLY.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;
 Victory is thine at last:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

459.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem;
 He has saved his favorite nation,
 Join to sing aloud to him;

He hath saved us

- Christ alone could us redeem.
 2 When involved in sin and ruin,
 And no helper there was found,
 Jesus our distress was viewing;
 Grace did more than sin abound;
 He hath called us
 With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession;
 Save us from hypocrisy;
 Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
 Of thy righteousness and thee;
 Best of favors!
 None compared with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee:
 Make us walk as pilgrims here;
 We will give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near;
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.
- 5 Free election known by calling,
 Is a privilege divine:
 Saints are kept from final falling;
 All the glory, Lord, be thine;
 All the glory
 All the glory, Lord, is thine.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M. D.

Arr. by T. B. A.

1. { The souls that would to Je - sus press, Must fix this firm and sure, }
 { That trib - u - la - tion more or less, They must and shall en - dure. }

From this there can be none ex - empt, 'Tis God's most wise de - cree;

Sa - tan the weak - est saint will tempt, Nor is the strong - est free.

460. C. M. Dbl. HART.

461. C. M. Dbl. FRANKLIN.

2 The world opposes from without,
 And unbelief within;
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
 And feel the load of sin.
 Glad frames too often lift us up,
 And then how proud we grow!
 Till sad desertion makes us droop,
 And down we sink as low.

3 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
 To catch the wandering heart;
 And seldom do we see the snares
 Before we feel the smart.
 But let not all this terrify:
 Pursue the narrow path;
 Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
 And fight with hell by faith,

1 IN all my troubles and distress,
 The Lord my soul doth own;
 Jehovah doth my griefs redress,
 And make his mercy known.
 He helps me on him to rely,
 He is my strength and tower;
 'Tis he that hears me when I cry,
 And manifests his power.

2 In every storm, in every sea,
 My Jesus makes a way;
 His light shall make the darkness flee
 And turn the shade to-day.
 'Tis he in trouble bears me up,
 And leads me safely through;
 My Jesus doth maintain my cup,
 And daily strength renew.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My soul doth mag - ni - fy the Lord! My - spir - it doth re - joice
 In God my Sav - iour and my King! I hear his joy - ful voice.

462.

C. M.
Christ's Love the best Feast.

- 2 I need not go abroad for joy;
 I have a feast at home;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from above the blessèd Dove,
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal love;
 This is my heavenly feast:
- 4 This makes me, Abba, Father, cry,
 With confidence of soul; [God,
 This makes me cry, my Lord, my
 And that without control.
- 5 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
 I taste thy sweetest love;
 My soul doth leap, but oh for wings!
 The wings of Noah's dove;
- 6 Then would I fly far hence away,
 And leave this world of sin;
 Then would my Lord put forth his
 hand
 And kindly take me in.
- 7 Then would my soul with angels feast
 On joys that ever last,

Refined, and full, and always new,
 Delightful to the taste.

- 8 Blest be my God, the God of love!
 Who gives me here a crumb,
 And fills my soul with earnest hope
 Till I arrive at home.

463.

C. M.
The Shortness of Mortal Life.

- 1 **T**IME like a fleeting shadow flies.—
 My house of clay must fall;
 This tabernacle must decay,
 And vanish as a scroll.
- 2 My youth and age, my months and
 years,
 Like grass and flowers decay;
 Before the mower's scythe of death
 They soon will pass away.
- 3 But far beyond death's gloomy vale
 A heavenly building stands;
 Prolific streams of glory flow
 In those celestial lands.
- 4 Then to that world of light and love,
 Immortal and divine,
 Bring this poor pilgrim from the tomb—
 This trembling frame of mine.

DETROIT. C. M.

BRADSHAW.

2. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart and see;
 And turn each curs-ed i-dol out That dares to ri-val thee.

464. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

John 21. 15.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
 Then let me nothing love;
 Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
 To my attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure
 bound
 My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
 But, oh! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

465. C. M. NEWTON.

John 19. 26.

1 **I**N evil, long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame and fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look;
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the
 guilt,
 And plunged me in despair,
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt.
 And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
 For I the Lord have slain?

6 A second look he gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I'll die that thou may'st live."

7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is filled;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I killed.

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Who are those ar-rayed in white, Bright-er than the noon-day sun,
Fore-most of the suns of light, Near-est to th'e - ter - nal throne?

466. 7s. *Rev. 7. 14.* MONTGOMERY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying Lord.</p> <p>3 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.</p> <p>4 Therefore they are next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.</p> <p>5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now, and thirst, no more:</p> <p>6 No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.</p> | <p>2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.</p> <p>3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.</p> <p>4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.</p> <p>5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.</p> <p>6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.</p> |
|---|--|

467. 7s. *Redeeming Love.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 NOW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.</p> | <p>7 Hither then your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.</p> |
|---|--|

MOBERLY. 7s.

W. L. CARD.

1. Gracious Spir - it, love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine,

All my guilt y fears re - move, Fill me with thy heav - en - ly love.

468. 7s.

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

469. 7s. Rev. 22. 17.

- 1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolations running free,
From the Father's gracious throne,
Flowing through his only Son.
- 2 Saints in glory sing aloud,
When they see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.
- 3 When this truth to me appears,
It removes my doubts and fears,
They come in with free good will:
Make the banquet sweeter still.
- 4 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the new Jerusalem,

- By its constant breaking forth
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Wherefore should we feast alone?
Mourning souls, there yet is room,
While there is a God to give,
And a mourner to receive.

470. 7s.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word.
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure.—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

HENDON. 7s.

CÆSAR MALAN.

1. Je - sus draws the e - chos - en race By his sweet re -

sist - less grace, Caus - ing them to hear his call, And be - fore his

power to fall. And be - fore his power to fall.

471.

7s.

Jesus draws by effectual Grace.

BURNHAM.

472.

7s.

Phil. 3. 8.

TOPLADY.

- 2 From the blissful realms above
Swift as lightning flies his love;
Draws them to his tender breast;
There they find the gospel rest.
- 3 Then how eagerly they move
In the happy paths of love!
How they glory in the Lord,
Pleased with Jesus' sacred word!
- 4 When the Lord appears in view,
Old things cease, and all is new;
Love divine o'erflows the soul;
Love doth every sin control.

- 1 **H**APPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me, where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out,—“It is not here.”
- 2 Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 3 Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee.
- 4 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

473. 7s. *John 1. 16.* COWPER.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
Oh! for grace, to love thee more!

474. 7s. *Fame of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HIS the Saviour! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
In long triumph, up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.
- 4 Praise him all, ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

- 5 Every note with wonder swell:
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

Tune—KENTUCKY, p. 18.

475. S. M. *Evening Hymn.* LELAND.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us all, this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears!
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run!
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh! may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

Tune—BOYLSTON, p. 25.

476. S. M. *Amos 3. 2-6.* GIBBONS.
Submission to Providence.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not an evil flies,
And pours its woes abroad,
Through country, kingdom, city, town,
But what is sent by God.
- 2 Should plagues, should fevers shoot
Swift poison through our veins,
They take their orders from the skies,
With all their burning pains.
- 3 Lord, at thy feet we bow,
And own thy righteous rod,
And beg that every stroke we feel
May bring us near to God!
- 4 Oh! may thy providence
Promote the life divine, [shades
And brighter through these midnight
May all our graces shine!

TRIUMPH. 7s.

JOHN AXFORD.

1. Pre - cious Sav - iour, Zi - on's King, We to thee our
2. Glo - ry to the Lamb be given, By the ran - somed

tri - bute bring, For the vic - t'ry as - thou did'st gain,
host in heaven; Glo - ry be as - scribed to thee;

When on Cal - v'ry thou wast slain, When on Cal - v'ry thou wast slain.
Thou wast bound, and we are free, Thou wast bound, and we are free.

CODA.

Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord!

477.

7s.

JOHN AXFORD.

3 Blessed be thy precious name,
Thou art evermore the same,
To the objects of thy love,
On thy royal throne above.—CODA.

4 Honors crown thy holy brow,
We before thee humbly bow,
Praise thee in the sacred words,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.—CODA.

STAR IN THE EAST. 10s & 11s.

1. { Hail the blest morn, see the great Me - di - a - - tor, Down from the
Shep - herds, go wor - ship the babe in the man - - ger, Lo! for his

CHORUS.

re - gions of glo - ry de - scend! } Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
guard the bright an - gels at - tend. }

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the east, the ho -

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er was laid.

478. 10s & 11s.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining;

Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the
stall;

Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do
fall.

CHORUS.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly de -
votion,

Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
the mine? CHORUS.

LONG-SOUGHT HOME. C. M.

Arr. by VICIE A. SEARS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh! how I long for thee! 1st. || 2nd. |
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heaven a - - bove.

479. C. M.

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Home, sweet home, &c.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.—CHO.
- 4 If heaven be thus most glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!—CHO.
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm
of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.—CHO.
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
- And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.—CHO.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I'll meet you there.—CHO.
- 8 There we shall meet and no more
part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace*.—CHO.
- 9 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!
CHO.
- 10 Millions of years around may run,
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit*,—*Three in One*.
Home, sweet home, &c.

480. C. M. *Tune*—MEAR, p. 4. WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 Oh! what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

481. C. M. *Tune* BAPTISM, p. 69. WATTS.
Isa. 53. 5.

1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's exalted Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

3 His was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The way of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary
Nor lets his saints forget.

5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' saving love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

482. C. M. *Tune*—DUNDÉE, p. 101.
Prov. 22. 6.

1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart ex-
pands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

4 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

5 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

483. *Tune*—REDEMPTION, p. 117.
C. M. NEEDHAM.
Luke 15. 10.

1 **O**UI! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints
below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and
hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found—they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

SCOTLAND. L. M.

1. Christ is my All! Christ is my All! my sure de - fence, Nor

shall my soul de - part from thence; He is my Rock, my Ref - uge too,

He is my Rock, my Ref - uge too, In spite..... of all..... my

foes can do, In spite of all my foes can do.

484. L. M. Ps. 118, 2.
Christ All in All.

2 Christ is my All! and he will lead
My soul in pastures green to feed;
||: 'Tis he supplies my every want, :||
||: And will all needful blessings grant. :||

3 Christ is my All! where should I go?
Without him I can nothing do,
||: Helpless and weak, a sinner great, :||
||: Yet in his righteousness complete. :||

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

By Per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its port - als gleam - ing,
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion;

A ra - diance from the Cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

REFRAIN.

Oh! depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me?..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?

For me? for me?

485.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

3 Press onward then, though foes may
 While mercy's gate is open; [frown,
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.—REF.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love him more in heaven.—REF.

PASS ME NOT.

By Per. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief.

While on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, I help my un - be - lief:

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

486.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—Cho.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?—Cho.

LEBANON. L. M. D.

Arr. by T. B. A.

1. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, An - oth - er hour, an - oth - er day,

An - oth - er month, an - oth - er year, Drop from us like the leaf - lets sear;

Drop like the life - blood from our hearts, The rose - bloom from the check de -

parts, The tress - es from the tem - ples fall, The eye grows dim and strange to all.

487. L. M. D.

2 Time speeds away, away, away,
 Like torrent in a stormy day;
 He undermines the stately tower,
 Uproots the tree and snaps the flower;
 And sweeps from our distracted breast,
 The friends that loved, the friends that
 blessed,
 And leaves us weeping on the shore,
 ||: To which they can return no more. :||

3 Time speeds away, away, away,
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steed from stage to stage
 He bears us on, from youth to age,
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 ||: Of fathomless eternity. :||

THE ROCK. 11s.

1. Con - vinced as a sin - ner to Je - sus I come, In - formed by the gos - pel for

such there 'is room: O'er - whelm - ed with sor - row for sin I will cry,

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, High - er than I,

High - er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

488. 11s. *Christ the Rock that is higher than I.*

- 2 When tempted by Satan my Saviour to leave,
Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of Salvation that's higher than I.
- 3 When God from my soul shall his presence
remove,
To try by his absence the strength of
my love,

- I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try
The force of the Rock that is higher than I.
- 4 When sorely afflicted and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my com-
plaint;
Midst storms and distresses my soul shall
rely
On Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I

5 When weak and encompassed with num-
berless foes,
Attempting my happiness here to op-
pose,
I'll look to the Saviour of sinners, and
cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

6 When I my poor feelings with others com-
pare,
And learn from reflection what mercies I
share;
My backsliding heart is constrained to
reply,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

ENGLISH.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be bear? Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God his wrath for Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }

CHORUS.

God is love I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps and loves me still;
Je - - - sns weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

489.

C. WESLEY.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.—CHO.
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;

Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.—CHO.
4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me, he now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.—CHO.

PORTUGESE HYMN. IIs.

JOHN READING.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when

tri - als are near? Be hushed, my dark spirit; the worst that can come, But short-ens thy

journey, and hastens thee home, But short-ens thy jour-ney and hastens thee home.

490. ^{10s.} *The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
||: I pant for a country by sin undefiled. :||
- 3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot de-
stroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all
into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smiles but on
them,
||: Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond
and gem. :||
- 4 Let trial and danger my progress op-
pose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its
close;

Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may
befall,
||: An hour with my Saviour will make up
for all. :||

491. ^{10s.}

- 1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the
same,
O give to us daily, our portions of bread:
It is from thy bounty, it is from thy bounty,
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us
to know [foe;
That humble compassion that pardons each
Keep us from temptation from weakness
and sin, [glory,
And thine be the glory, and thine be the
And thine be the glory! Forever, Amen!

PROMISCUOUS HYMNS.

NO NIGHT THERE. 10s.

Music and Words by W. L. CARD.

1. No night shall be in heaven! no gath - - ring gloom

Shall o'er that glo - rious land scape ev - er come; - No tears shall fall in sad - ness

on those flowers, That breathe their fra - grance through ce - les - tial bowers.

492. 10s.

2 No night shall be in heaven, but end-
less noon;
No fast declining sun, no waning
moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield per-
petual light,
Mid pastures green and waters ever
bright.

3 No night shall be in heaven, oh! had
I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness
saith!
That faith shall make those hideous
phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on
earth to me.

SOFT BE THE NOTES. L. M. D.

W. L. CARD.

DUETT.

VOICE.

1. Soft be the gen - tly breath - ing notes, That sing the
2. To him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais-es

ORGAN.

p

Sav - iour's dy - ing love;... Soft as the ev' - ning ze - phyr
throng to crown his head;... His name like sweet per - fume shall

floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.
rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

SOFT BE THE NOTES. Continued.

CHORUS. (Repeat each verse.)

Soft be the gen - - tly breath - ing notes,

Organ.

That sing the Sav - iour's dy - ing love; Soft as the ev' - - ning

ze - phyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.

493. L. M, Dbl.

3 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While warbling birds exulting soar;
 So soft to our Almighty Friend,
 Be ev'ry sigh our bosoms pour.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
 And as thy glory fills the sky;
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here as there obeyed.

PROMISCUOUS HYMNS.

*Sacred to the memory of Eld. J. E. Goodson.***BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF GALLILEE. 10s & 8s.**

Words and Music by T. B. AUSMUS.

Soprano & Alto Duet.

Flowing style.

1. O ye beau - ti - ful hills of Gal - li - lee, A -

mid whose scenes the Sav - iour dwells, Your flow'rs that bloom so

beau - ti - ful - ly, Of Heav - en's last - ing beau - ties tell.

CHORUS.

We're trav - el - ling home, one by one, A - cross Death's riv - er our

friends are gone, And we are fol - low - ing, one by one.

The musical score is written for Soprano and Alto voices. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and flowing, with lyrics written below the notes. The chorus section is marked with a bold 'CHORUS.' and features a more rhythmic accompaniment in the bass line. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass line.

496.

CANAAN. 8s & 7s.

Music and Words by T. WOOD.

Why those fears? be - hold, 'tis Je - sus Holds the helm and

guides the ship; Spread the sails and catch the bree - zes, Sent to waft us

thro' the deep, To the re - gions, to the re - gions, Where the mourners

cease..... to weep, Where the mourn - ners cease to weep.

PROMISCUOUS HYMNS.

WE SHALL KNOW.

By Per. J. H. ANDERSON.

I. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor, From the beau-ty of the hills,

And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,

We may read love's shin-ing let-ter, In the rain-bow of the spray;

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the mists have cleared a-way.

WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

mf
We shall know..... as we are known..... Nev-er more..... to walk a-

We shall know as we are known Never more

lone In the dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the

to walk a-lone In the dawning of the morn - ing,

mists..... have cleared a - way; In the dawn - - - ing of the

When the mists have cleared away, cleared away; In the dawning of the

morn - ing, When the mists..... have cleared away, have cleared a - way.

morn - ing, When the mists have cleared away, have cleared away.

497.

L. M,

2 If we are in narrow blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover,
All the plain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.—CHO.

3 When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.—CHO.

LET MUSIC RING. L. M.

Words and Music by T. B. AUSMUS.

With energy.

1. Sing, sing of Je - sus as we go, Sing songs of glo - ry here be - low,

The first system of music is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4-B4, and then a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Like com-ing bells whose strains flow on, Loves balm - y breeze when I am gone.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, and then a quarter note F5. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

O let those beauteous anthems roll, My heart doth leap, it cheers my soul.

The third system begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo). The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4-B4, and then a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note bass line.

Then swell the cho-rus friends of song; We'll sing in Heav'n it wont be long.

The final system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, and then a quarter note F5. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in G major.

Tune—GREEN FIELDS, p. 103.
Ss. Dbl. Rev. 27.

499.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear;
 The day of eternity come,
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode;
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air:
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here:
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear;
 Immovable founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever has stood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

Tune—PORTUGUESE HYMN, p. 194.

500. ^{11s.}

Mark 4.37-41

GRANT.

OZion, afflicted with wave upon wave!
 Whom no man can comfort, whom
 no man can save;
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors
 dismayed,
 In toiling and rowing, thy strength is
 decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh
 overwhelm,
 But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the
 helm;
 His wisdom conducts thee, his power
 defends;
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he
 cries;
 "My promise, my truth, are they light
 in thine eyes?"

Still, still I am with thee, my promise
 shall stand;
 Through tempest and tossing I'll bring
 thee to land."

Tune—SILOAM, p. 71.

501.

C. M.

Prov. 8. 17.

HEBER.

1 **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows;
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet,
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence
 Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death
 To keep us still thine own.

Tune—OLMUTZ, p. 38.

502.

S. M.

John 3. 17.

WATTS.

1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Wide let the earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
 Its chief Belovéd chose,
 And bade him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow,
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons
 To rebels doomed to die. [down,

Sacred to the memory of little Maude.

LIFE'S TROUBLED RIVER. 7s & 8s.

Words and Music by T. B. AUSMUS.

Emotional.

1. { As we're float-ing down life's riv - er, Scenes grow dark and sor-rows rise,
See - ing friends and loved ones quiv - er, Sink - ing down be - fore our eyes,

Then we cry O can we leave them, Cold and lone - ly in the grave.

When a voice say - ing lo I'm with them, I can calm Death's troubl'd waves.

2 Then we turn to see who standeth
Near the troubled water's brink,
Lo! 'tis Jesus who commandeth
Us to look before we sink,
And a trump is heard in Zion,
Pointing to the same blest one
Saying come to him and try him.
He is willing, lo! there's room.

3 Yet the way seems dark and dreary
And the breakers loudly roar,
Troubled ones are getting weary,
Fear they'll sink to rise no more,
List, the trumpet loudly sounding,
Saying, lo! we come in sight,
Of a home with love abounding,
Yonder see the Beacon light.

4 Yes, although on earth we sever,
Friends are going one by one!
We will meet beyond the river,
Yes, 'tis right thy will be done.
Cheer us on then lovely Trumpet,
O 'tis music to our ears,
See the Beacon groweth brighter,
Cheer up comrades, dry your tears.

5 Now we see the lovely Stranger,
Who for us prepared a place,
Lowly Babe of Bethlehem's manger,
Moved by love reveals his face,
Hear him crying Son or Daughter
Lay thy troubles down and come,
I have stilled Death's noisy waters,
Here's my Robe, come wear it home.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

Many of the Tunes, included in this collection, are introduced "by permission," either purchased or given; and therefore, must not be used in any other without the consent of the authors, or those who hold the copyrights.

Those in **CAPITALS**, are original music, written especially for, and contributed to, this collection.

(The Figures refer to the Page.)

	PAGE		PAGE
Addie.....	S. M. 45	Devotion.....	L. M. 21
All to Christ I owe.....	P. M. 174	Disciple.....	8s & 7s, D ... 99
Amazing Grace.....	C. M. 106	Dismission.....	L. M. 66
Antioch.....	C. M. 168	Dundee.....	C. M. 101
Arlington.....	C. M. 5	Dunlap Creek.....	C. M. 26
Autumn.....	8s & 7s, D ... 51	Elizabethtown.....	C. M. 54
Avon.....	C. M. 142	Eltham.....	7s. 6 Is. 162
Aylesbury.....	S. M. 144	Evan.....	C. M. 121
Azmon.....	C. M. 40	Even Me,.....	8s, 7s & 3s. 119
Balerma.....	C. M. 6	Federal Street.....	L. M. 29
Baptism.....	C. M. 69	Fiducia.....	C. M. D. 64
Bealoth.....	S. M. D. 57	Frederick.....	11s. 135
Bethany.....	6s & 4s. 114	GANSON.....	C. M. D. 55
Bethel.....	C. M. 36	Going Home,.....	L. M. 152
Boylston.....	S. M. 25	Golden Hill.....	S. M. 24
Bray.....	C. M. 39	Gospel Pool.....	S. M. 65
Bridgetown.....	S. M. 19	GOspel TRUMPET.....	L. M. 170
Bridgewater.....	L. M. 163	Green Fields.....	8s, D. 103
Brown.....	C. M. 178	Greenville.....	8s & 7s, D. 104
Cambridge.....	C. M. 73	Hamburg.....	L. M. 60
CANAAN.....	8s & 7s. 199	Happy Day.....	L. M. 46
Cephas.....	L. M. D. 3	Happy Land.....	P. M. 161
Charlestown.....	8s & 7s. 128	Harwell.....	8s, 7s & 4s. 89
Children of the Heavenly King.....	7s, D. 97	Heaven is my Home.....	6s & 4s. 160
Cleansing Fountain.....	C. M. 22	Heber.....	C. M. 100
Conflict.....	L. M. 112	Hebron.....	L. M. 2
Conquering Soldier.....	8s, 6s & 7s. 93	Hendon.....	7s. 182
Consolation.....	C. M. 23	Hobbs.....	12s. 58
Cook.....	7s. 96	Holley.....	7s. 180
Coronation.....	C. M. 33	Home.....	11s. 157
Corydon.....	L. M. 35	How firm a foundation.....	11s. 118
Cowper.....	C. M. 120	Hursley.....	L. M. 74
Cranbrook.....	S. M. 110	Idumea.....	S. M. 31
Dennis.....	S. M. 75	I'm a Pilgrim.....	P. M. 91
Depth of mercy.....	P. M. 193		
Detroit.....	C. M. 179		

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE		PAGE	
I need thee Precious Jesus.....	7s & 6s, D	108	Rest for the Weary.....	8s & 7s..... 153
Iowa.....	8s	145	Retreat.....	L. M..... 125
I will Arise.....	8s & 7s	12	Rockingham.....	L. M..... 53
Kentucky.....	S. M.	18	Rock of Ages.....	7s, 6. Is..... 175
Kingwood.....	C. P. M.	136	Sabbath.....	S. M..... 48
Laban.....	S. M.	127	Salvation.....	C. M. D..... 62
Land of Rest.....	C. M.	150	Scotland.....	L. M..... 188
Leander.....	C. M. D	68	Sessions.....	L. M..... 47
Lebanon.....	L. M. D.	191	Shall we gather at the River.....	8s & 7s..... 156
Lenox.....	H. M	172	Shawmut.....	S. M..... 166
Long sought Home.....	C. M	186	Sherburne.....	C. M..... 15
Louvan.....	L. M.	8	Shining Shore.....	8s & 7s..... 92
Loving Kindness.....	L. M.	28	Shirland.....	S. M..... 56
Maitland.....	C. M.	116	Sicilian Hymn.....	8s, 7s & 4s..... 94
Manoah.....	C. M.	138	Siloam.....	C. M..... 71
Martyn.....	7s, D	115	Silver Street.....	S. M..... 43
Mear.....	C. M.	4	Social Band.....	L. M..... 10
MEDORA.....	L. M.	198	SOFT BE THE NOTES.....	L. M. D..... 196
Meribah.....	C. P. M.	165	Star in the East.....	10s & 11s..... 185
Middleton.....	8s & 7s, D	98	STELLA.....	S. M..... 42
Migdol.....	L. M.	90	Stephens.....	8s, D..... 102
Minister's Farewell.....	C. M. D.	86	St. Thomas.....	S. M..... 44
Missionary Chant.....	L. M	78	Sweet hour of Prayer.....	L. M. D..... 124
MOBERLY.....	7s.	181	Tappan.....	C. M..... 13
Mount Vernon.....	8s & 7s.	148	Thatcher.....	S. M..... 59
Naomi.....	C. M.	27	The Gate ajar for me.....	P. M..... 189
Nettleton.....	8s & 7s, D.	61	The Land of Beulah.....	C. M..... 146
Ninety Fifth.....	C. M.	122	The Little Babe is gone to rest.....	L. M. D..... 137
NO NIGHT THERE.....	10s.	195	The Lord's Prayer.....	(Chant)..... 155
North Field.....	C. M	14	The Rock.....	11s..... 192
No sorrow there.....	S. M.	151	The Saints Eternal Home.....	P. M..... 158
Old Hundred.....	L. M.	1	The Solid Rock.....	L. M. 6. Is..... 30
Olmutz.....	S. M.	38	Transport.....	L. M..... 17
Olney.....	8s & 7s, D.	105	TRIUMPH.....	7s..... 184
Ortonville.....	C. M.	7	True Happiness.....	6s, 6s & 9s..... 95
O sing of His mighty love.....	11s.	134	Twenty Fourth.....	C. M..... 32
Over There.....	P. M.	154	Uxbridge.....	L. M..... 20
Parting Hand.....	L. M.	81	Varina.....	C. M. D..... 143
Parting Hymn, (with chorus).....	C. M.	83	Vesper.....	8s, 7s & 4s..... 77
Pass me not.....	P. M.	190	Watchman.....	7s, D..... 164
Pilgrim's Farewell.....	12s & 8s	82	Webb.....	7s & 6s, D..... 133
Pisgah.....	C. M.	63	Wells.....	L. M..... 34
Playel's Hymn.....	7s	126	Welton.....	L. M..... 52
Pleasant Hill.....	C. M. D	177	We shall know.....	P. M..... 200
Portuguese Hymn.....	11s.	194	What a friend we have in Jesus.....	8s & 7s..... 129
Redemption.....	C. M.	117	When gathering clouds.....	L. M. 6 Is..... 202
Redemption.....	11s.	84	Winchester.....	L. M..... 9
Reflection.....	C. M.	72	Windham.....	L. M..... 130
Remember Me.....	C. M.	107	Wondrous Love.....	P. M..... 132
Rest.....	L. M.	140	Woodland.....	C. M..... 149
			Woodworth.....	L. M..... 11
			Zephyr.....	L. M..... 141
			Zion.....	8s, 7s & 4s..... 176
			ZION'S WATCHMAN.....	(Solo)..... L. M..... 167

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

[The numbers refer to the Hymns.]

HYMN	HYMN		
A debtor to mercy alone,.....	300	Blest be the dear uniting love.....	173
A few more days on earth to spend,....	324	Blest be the tie that binds,.....	230
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near....	445	Blest is the man whose heart expands...	482
Again the Lord of life and light,.....	156	Blow ye the trumpet, blow,	449
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,	220	Brethren, we have met again,.....	354
All glorious God, what hymns of praise, .	494	Brethren, we have met to worship,.....	347
All glory to thy wondrous name,	161	Brethren, while we sojourn here,.....	289
All hail the power of Jesus' name!....	95	Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake!....	441
All yesterday is gone,.....	320	Broad is the road that leads to death,...	495
Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound) .	307	Buried in Jordan was our Lord,.....	209
Am I a soldier of the cross,.....	192	But few among the carnal wise,.....	39
And let this feeble body fail,.....	193	By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	501
And must this body die?.....	393	Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish..	406
And now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell,	254	Children of the heavenly King,.....	287
And will the Judge descend?.....	436	Christ and his cross is all our theme,....	34
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,....	338	Christians, if your hearts are warm;...	203
Arise and be baptized,.....	215	Christ is coming! let creation.....	430
Arise, my soul, arise.....	451	Christ is my All! Christ is my All!....	484
As by the light of op'ning day,	295	Christ is the way to heavenly bliss,....	46
Ascend thy throne, Almighty King.....	145	Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!....	160
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!.....	382	Come all ye mourning pilgrims dear,...	280
As new-born babes desire the breast,...	175	Come and taste along with me.....	469
As when the weary traveler gains.....	277	Come, brethren, we who love the Lord, .	235
Awake and sing the song,.....	73	Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,..	261
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,.....	48	Come, dearest Lord who reignst above, .	25
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,.....	84	Come, Desire of nations, come;	427
Awake, our souls, and bless his name!..	79	Come friends and relations, let's join heart and hand,.....	256
Away with our sorrow and fear.....	499	Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise;....	113
Before Jehovah's awful throne,.....	1	Come, Holy Spirit, come With energy divine,	114
Behold, a sinner, dearest Lord,.....	23	Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,.....	205
Behold'the gift of God!.....	138	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,....	119
Behold the sure foundation stone.....	78	Come, humble sinner, in whose breast..	190
Behold the throne of grace!.....	349	Come, let us join in sweet accord,.....	154
Behold the watchman on the wall,.....	437	Come, let us join our cheerful songs,...	66
Behold what wondrous grace.....	71	Come, let us join our friends' above,....	388
Beneath the sacred throne of God,.....	47	Come, saints and sinners, now behold... 199	
Beset with snares on every hand,	323	Come saints, attend, and hear me tell... 446	
Beside the gospel pool,.....	197		
Blest are the souls that hear and know..	19		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	HYMN
Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,.. 142	Go, teach the nations and baptize..... 200
Come, sound his praise abroad..... 133	Grace! 'tis a charming sound..... 52
Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, ... 302	Gracious Spirit, love divine!..... 468
Come, thou long-expected Jesus!..... 306	Great God! how infinite art thou,..... 9
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit, ... 270	Great is the Lord our God, 185
Come, we that love the Lord,..... 229	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, 281
Come, ye saints, look here and wonder. 157	
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, ... 188	Hail my ever blessed Jesus,..... 304
Come ye that know and fear the Lord, ... 105	Hail the blest morn, see the great Medi- ator, 478
Come, ye that love the Lord,..... 136	Happiness, thou lovely name,..... 472
Compared with Christ, in all beside..... 106	Happy soul, thy days are ended,..... 291
Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come, . 488	Happy the church, thou sacred place, ... 163
Could the creatures help or ease us.... 360	Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound. 389
	Hark, my soul it is the Lord;..... 473
Deacons awake! the word fulfil..... 248	Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes, 440
Dearest Lord, thou hast commanded.... 348	Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry!..... 425
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat..... 342	Head of the Church, thy care we bless;.. 246
Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell, ... 257	Heaven is the land where troubles cease, 408
Dear is the spot where Christians sleep. 384	Heavenly Father, to whose eye..... 237
Dear Lord, and will thy pard'ning love.. 196	He dies, the friend of sinners dies!..... 87
Dear Saviour! we are thine,..... 74	Here at thy table, Lord, we meet..... 218
Depth of mercy! can there be..... 489	Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear, ... 82
Descend, celestial Dove,..... 214	Hosanna to the Prince of light..... 159
Despise me not, my carnal friends, ... 195	How beauteous are their feet, 241
Destruction's dangerous road,..... 91	How blest is our brother, bereft..... 398
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,..... 72	How blest the righteous when he dies!.. 385
Did Jesus weep for me?..... 75	How charming is the place,..... 129
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame, ... 208	How condescending and how kind..... 481
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,.... 267	How did my heart rejoice to hear..... 124
Do not I love thee, O my Lord?..... 464	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,..... 336
Do we not know that solemn word,.... 201	How honored is the place,..... 184
Down by the water side we meet, 206	How long beneath the law I lay, 45
Down to the the sacred wave,..... 198	How lost was my condition,..... 315
	How oft, alas, this wretched heart..... 341
Election is a truth divine,..... 32	How oft have sin and Satan strove..... 28
Eternal Sov'reign, Lord of all..... 99	How pleasant thus to dwell below,..... 253
Eternity is just at hand..... 168	How precious is the book divine,..... 17
Exalt the Lord our God,..... 149	How short the race our friend has run... 390
	How sweet and awful is the place..... 217
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, 252	How sweet the hour of closing day, ... 383
Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, 255	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, ... 293
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, 283	How tedious and tasteless the hours..... 298
Father, to thee our souls we lift,..... 128	How vain are all things here below!.... 118
Father! whate'er of earthly bliss..... 81	Humble souls, who seek salvation..... 213
For a season call'd to part,..... 263	Hungry, and faint, and poor..... 116
Forever blessed be the Lord,..... 332	
From all that dwell below the skies.... 364	I am a stranger here below,..... 322
From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, ... 351	I am, saith Christ, the way;..... 54
From the cross uplifted high..... 457	If Lord, in thy fair book of life..... 224
From whence doth this union arise,.... 299	I hear the Saviour say,..... 455
	I love the sacred book of God;..... 22
Give to the Father praise,..... 132	I love thy kingdom, Lord, 180
Glorious things of thee are spoken, ... 162	I love to see the Lord below;..... 174
God moves in a mysterious way..... 13	I love to think of heaven,..... 412
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name; ;..... 238	I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;..... 278

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN

I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home;.....	423
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,	194
In all my Lord's appointed ways,.....	210
In all my troubles and distress,.....	461
In all my troubles, sharp and strong,....	296
I need thee, precious Jesus,.....	312
In evil, long I took delight,.....	465
In grateful songs we will record,.....	363
Inquiring souls, who long to find,.....	187
In the Christian's home in glory.....	416
In vain, men talk of living faith,.....	29
I will extol thee, Lord, on high,.....	365
I would not live away; I ask not to stay	372
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high;.....	3
Jerusalem, my happy home,.....	479
Jesus, and shall it ever be;.....	85
Jesus, by heavenly hosts adored,.....	233
Jesus draws the chosen race,.....	471
Jesus, grant us all a blessing!.....	268
Jesus hath suffered once for sin,.....	41
Jesus, I fly to thee,.....	317
Jesus, I love thy charming name,.....	69
Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	292
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace,.....	96
Jesus is our great salvation,.....	459
Jesus! lover of my soul,.....	329
Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,.....	415
Jesus, my great High Priest,.....	452
Jesus, my love, my chief delight,.....	61
Jesus, the name high over all,.....	112
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,.....	309
Jesus, thou everlasting King,.....	144
Jesus, we bless thy Father's name;.....	251
Jesus, we bow before thy feet;.....	226
Jesus, we own thy sovereign sway,.....	211
Joy to the world, the Lord is come!.....	438
Just as I am, without one plea,.....	30
Just as thou art,—without one trace....	30
Keep silence, all created things,.....	15
Let all our tongues be one,.....	231
Let Christians all agree,.....	183
Let death dissolve my body now,.....	381
Let every mortal ear attend,.....	121
Let ev'ry creature join,.....	181
Let God the Father, and the Son,.....	37
Let God the Father live.....	150
Let God the Maker's name.....	140
Let others boast how strong they be,....	11
Let us adore th' Eternal Word,.....	219
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	242
Like Noah's weary dove,.....	357
Like sheep we went astray,.....	55
Lo! he comes with clouds descending,..	429

HYMN

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned... 439	439
Long have I tried terrestrial joys,.....	411
Lord, at thy table I behold.....	221
Lord, before we leave thy temple,.....	270
Lord, bless thy saints assembled here,...	165
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;.....	271
Lord, grant a smile before we part,.....	260
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see.....	146
Lord, how divine thy comforts are!.....	225
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!.....	327
Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing,.....	337
Lord, in humble, sweet submission,.....	202
Lord, in thy courts we now appear,.....	339
Lord, we are blind, we mortals, blind,..	2
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace,....	63
Lord, what a wretched land is this,.....	297
Lord, what is man, poor feeble man,....	480
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	110
Mary to her Saviour's tomb.....	330
May sacred awe possess.....	130
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,....	273
Mercy, O thou Son of David,.....	359
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,.....	421
'Mid the splendors of the glory.....	431
Mixtures of joy and sorrow.....	325
Morning breaks upon the tomb,.....	158
Mother, has the dove that nestled.....	404
Must Jesus bear the cross alone,.....	331
My Christian friends, in bonds of love,..	250
My days are extinguished and gone,....	397
My days are gliding swiftly by,.....	279
My days, my weeks, my months, my years	373
My dear Redeemer and my Lord,.....	447
My Father and my God,.....	135
My God, my life, my love,.....	137
My God! the spring of all my joys;....	294
My head and stay is took away,.....	380
My heavenly home is bright and fair;....	414
My hope is built on nothing less.....	88
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here.	490
My Shepherd will supply my need;.....	126
My soul doth magnify the Lord.....	462
My soul, repeat his praise.....	134
My soul, weigh not thy life,.....	319
Nearer, my God, to thee,.....	328
Ne'er was a sinner cast away.....	102
No more, my God, I boast no more,....	58
No night shall be in heaven, no gathering gloom.....	492
Not all the blood of beasts,.....	76
Not all the outward forms on earth,....	38
Not the malicious or profane,.....	43
Not unto us, but thee alone,.....	16
Not with our mortal eyes.....	111
Now begin the heavenly theme;.....	467

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	HYMN		
Now from the world withdrawn,.....	356	Proclaim my gospel, saith the Lord,.....	26
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal ...	122	Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous	
Now let us raise our cheerful strains,....	366	grace,.....	310
Now living waters flow.....	117	Raise your triumphant songs.....	502
Now, Lord, the heavenly seed be sown ..	123	Religion's form is vain,.....	53
		Remember us, we pray thee, Lord,.....	104
O blessed souls are they,.....	177	Renewed by grace, we love the word....	167
O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!	371	Rock of Ages, cleft for me!.....	456
O for a closer walk with God!.....	335		
O God, the Light of all that live,.....	7	Salvation! O melodious sound.....	93
O God, who madest earth and sky,.....	170	Salvation! O the joyful sound;.....	92
O happy day! when saints shall meet....	259	Salvation, through our dying head,.....	94
O happy saints, who dwell in light,.....	275	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,.....	282
O happy time, long waited for,.....	308	Saviour! thy gentle voice,.....	321
Oh! cease, my wandering soul,.....	318	Saviour, visit thy plantation;.....	303
Oh! Christ he is the fountain,.....	370	Say now, ye lovely social band,.....	27
Oh! for a thousand tongues, to sing.....	97	Self-righteous souls on works rely,....	101
Oh! gracious Father, God of love,.....	444	Shall we gather at the river.....	420
Oh! happy day that fixed my choice....	141	Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,.....	62
Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy,....	483	Sing to the Lord that built the skies,....	239
Oh! how I love thy holy law!.....	20	Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,....	77
O, how happy are they.....	284	Sinners, away from Sinai fly.....	59
Oh! think of a home over there,.....	418	Sinners, this solemn truth regard.....	40
O land of rest for thee I sigh,.....	410	Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,.....	405
O let me run the christian race.....	172	Sitting around our Father's board,....	222
O let our heart and mind.....	232	Soft be the gently breathing notes.....	493
O Lord, dismiss us now in love,.....	265	Soldiers of Christ, be bold,.....	316
O Lord, thy boundless love to me.....	367	So let our lips and lives express.....	51
O love divine, how sweet thou art!....	368	Sons we are through God's election,....	33
Once more before we part,.....	262	Sweet day of rest, with pure delight....	153
Once more, my soul, the rising day,....	68	Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of	
Once more we come before our God;....	67	prayer!.....	350
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,....	400	Sweet is the work my God, my King,....	31
On the mountain's top appearing,.....	458	Sweet joy with grief is mixed.....	56
O praise the Lord, ye heavenly host:....	409	Sweet rivers of redeeming love,.....	373
O precious Christ in me abide,.....	234	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,....	189
O sing to me of heaven,.....	413		
O that I knew the secret place.....	70	Teach me the measure of my days,.....	379
Our cheerful voices let us raise,.....	264	The cause that is for me too hard,....	125
Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy		The Church has waited long,.....	435
name.....	491	The countless multitude on high,.....	103
Our Father, who art in heaven,.....	419	The day is past and gone,.....	475
Our God! how firm his promise stands,..	36	Thee we adore, eternal name!.....	377
Our God, our help in ages past,.....	10	The Father, and the Son,.....	249
O when shall I see Jesus,.....	314	The God of mercy be adored,.....	176
O where shall rest be found,.....	395	The great Redeemer we adore,.....	204
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave..	500	The groaning earth is too dark and drear	422
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,.....	486	The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,....	21
People of the living God,.....	286	The hour of prayer once more is come!..	346
Perish ev'ry human story,.....	290	The law commands and makes us know, ..	24
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, ..	64	The little babe is gone to rest,.....	374
Praise the God of all creation.....	274	The Lord, descending from above,.....	35
Praise the name of God most high,.....	403	The Lord himself shall come,.....	434
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,....	340	The Lord my shepherd is.....	139
Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-		The Lord shall come! the earth shall	
draw;.....	352	quake,.....	428
Precious Jesus, must it be,.....	335	There is a fountain filled with blood,....	65
Precious Saviour, Zion's King,.....	477		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	HYMN
There is a gate that stands ajar,.....	485
There is a God!—all nature speaks,....	4
There is a happy land,.....	424
There is a land, a happy land.....	399
There is a land mine eye hath seen,....	276
There is a land of pure delight,.....	391
There is an hour of peaceful rest,.....	407
There is a path that leads to God,.....	311
There is a world we have not seen,....	326
There's not an evil flies,.....	476
The Saviour calls; let every ear.....	191
The sinner that by precious faith.....	333
The souls that would to Jesus press,....	460
The spacious firmament on high,.....	6
The time will surely come.....	178
Thine ancient people, Lord.....	433
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love,...	155
This is not my place of resting,.....	417
This is the day the Lord hath made,....	152
This life's a dream, an empty show,....	49
This rite our blest Redeemer gave,....	216
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,.....	269
Thou hidden Source of calm repose,....	89
Thou sacred Spirit, heavenly Dove,....	247
Thus, was the great Redeemer plung'd..	212
Thy broken body, gracious Lord.....	228
Thy church, O Lord, that's planted here,	443
Thy presence, everlasting God,.....	266
Thy way, O God! is in the sea;.....	14
"TILL HE COME"—Oh! let the words... 426	
Time like a fleeting shadow flies.....	463
Time speeds away, away, away,.....	487
'Tis a point I long to know,.....	285
'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried,....	86
'Tis God the Spirit leads.....	131
'Tis religion that can give,.....	288
'Tis sweet to think of those at rest,....	392
'Tis the Saviour! angels raise,.....	474
To-day, if you will hear his voice,....	186
To-day the Saviour rose,.....	148
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore,.....	44
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who made the earth and heaven,	80
To God the Father, God the Son.....	8
To God the Father's throne.....	454
To our Redeemer's glorious name,.....	223
To tell the Saviour all my wants,.....	107
To thee be praise forever,.....	313
To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,....	127
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,..	227
'Twas with an everlasting love.....	362
Unto thine altar, Lord,.....	358
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!.....	386
Up to thy throne, O God of love,.....	245
Vain are the hopes the sons of men....	42
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,....	442
Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence now,...	244
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,.....	470
Watchman, tell us of the night,.....	236
We are a garden walled around,.....	164
Welcome, delightful morn,.....	453
Welcome, sweet day of rest,.....	147
We seek a rest beyond the skies,.....	108
We speak of the realms of the blest,....	396
We've no abiding city here,.....	166
What a friend we have in Jesus,.....	361
What cheering words are these!.....	394
What is our God, or what his name,....	5
What think ye of Christ? is the test,...	301
What wondrous love is this.....	369
When Christ, who came my soul to save,	207
When gath'ring clouds around I view...	498
When God is nigh my faith is strong,....	375
When Hagar found the bottle spent,....	343
When I can read my title clear.....	344
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	113
When Jesus for his people died,.....	169
When Jesus hung upon the tree,.....	83
When languor and disease invade.....	334
When marshalled on the nightly plain,..	448
When on the cross my Saviour died,....	60
When, overwhelm'd with grief,.....	57
When Paul was parted from his friends,...	258
When the mists have rolled in splendor..	497
When those we love are snatched away..	401
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.....	432
Wherefore should I make my moan,....	402
While o'er the deep thy servants sail,....	353
While verdant hill and blooming vale... 12	
Who are those arrayed in white,.....	466
Who knows but such an one as I.....	345
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?....	50
Why do we mourn departing friends,....	376
Why should the children of a King,....	109
Why should the saints be filled with dread,	143
Why should we start and fear to die?... 387	
Why those fears? behold 'tis Jesus.....	496
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend... 240	
Within thy house, O Lord, our God,....	120
With joy we hail the sacred day.....	151
Ye little flock, whom Jesus feeds,.....	18
Ye messengers of Christ,.....	243
Ye nations round the earth rejoice.....	98
Ye ransomed sinners, hear,.....	450
Ye saints, of every rank, with joy.....	171
Yes, I would love thee, blessed God!... 100	
You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,.....	182
Your harps, ye trembling saints,.....	90
Zion's a city fair,.....	179
Zion's King shall reign victorious.....	305

A. L. Dulin.

Compliments -

Miss Gracie's Album.

Camp Point.

J. H. P.

Gracie.

A. L. Dulin.

Agent for -

"Baptist Herald"

Nov. 5 1874.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a header or title, which is extremely faint and illegible.

Handwritten text in the upper middle section, appearing as a list or series of entries, also illegible.

Handwritten text in the lower middle section, possibly a signature or a specific entry, illegible.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, likely a footer or concluding remarks, illegible.

H. J.

C. 157

...

